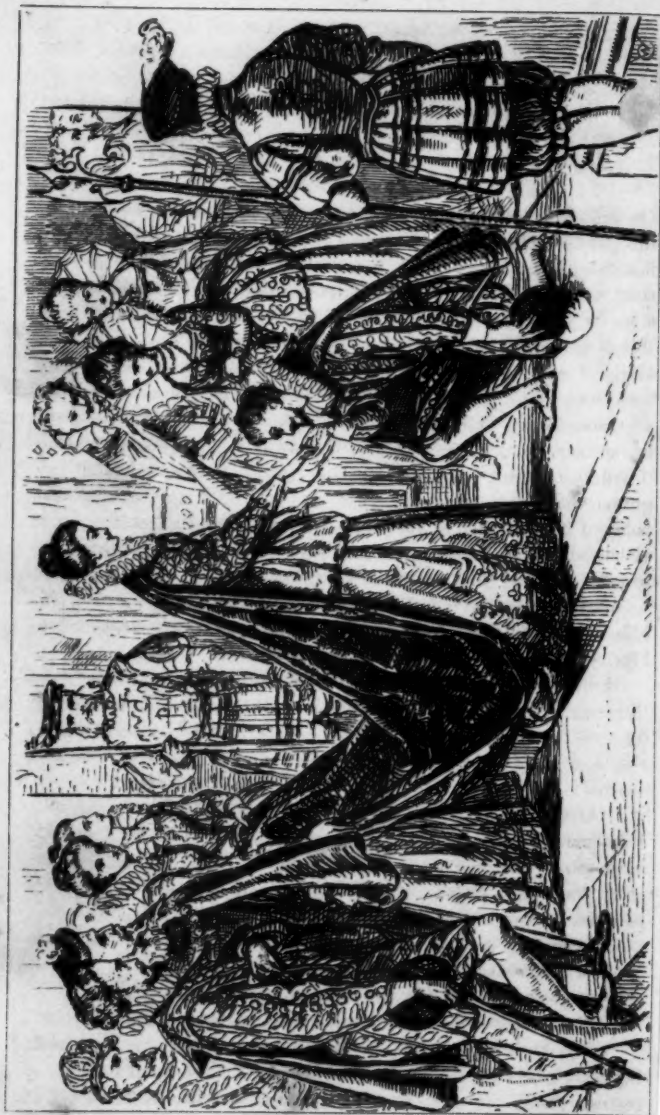


July Mi to Dec
1864



Constance Sherwood.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

CHAPTER IX.

On the next morning Mr. Congleton called me into the library from the garden, where I was gathering for Muriel a few of such hardy flowers as had survived the early frosts. She was wont to carry them with her to the prisons: for it was one of her kindly apprehensions of the sufferings of others to divine the comfort wherewith things seemingly indifferent do affect those that be shut out of all kinds of enjoyments; and where a less tender nature should have been content to provide necessaries, she, through a more delicate acquaintanceship and light touch, as it were, on the strings of the human heart, ever bethought herself when it was possible to minister if but one minute's pleasure to those who had often well-nigh forgotten the very taste of it. And she hath told me touching that point of flowers, how it had once happened that the scent of some violets she had concealed in her bosom with a like intent did move to tears an aged man, who for many years past had not seen, no not so much as one green leaf in his prison; which tears, he said, did him more good than any thing else which could have happened to him.

I threw down on a bench the chrysanthemums and other bold blossoms I had gathered, and running into the house, opened the door of the library, where, lo and behold, to my no small agitation and amaze, I discovered Edmund Genings, who cried out as I entered:

"O my dear master's daughter and well-remembered playmate, I do greet you with all mine heart; and I thank God that I see you in so good condition, as I may with infinite gladness make report of to your good father, who through me doth impart to you his paternal blessing and most affectionate commendations."

"Edmund," I cried, scarce able to speak for haste, "is he in London? is he in prison?"

"No, forsooth," quoth Mr. Congleton.

"No, verily," quoth Edmund; both at the same time.

"Thy fears, silly wench," added the first, "have run away with thy wits, and I do counsel thee another time to be at more pains to restrain them; for when there be so many occasions to be afraid of veritable evils, 'tis but sorry waste to spend fears on present fancies."

By which I did conjecture my uncle not to be greatly pleased with Edmund's coming to his house, and noticed that he did fidget in his chair and ever and anon glanced at the windows which opened on the garden in an uneasy manner.

"And wherefore art thou then in London?" I asked of Edmund; who thus answered:

"Because Mr. James Fenn, who is also called Williesden, was taken and committed close prisoner in the Marshalsea a short time back; which, when my dear master did hear of, he was greatly disturbed and troubled thereby, by reason of weighty matters having passed betwixt him and that gentleman touching lands belonging to recusants, and that extraordinary damage was likely to ensue to several persons of great merit, if he could not advertise him in time how to answer to those accusations which would be laid against him; and did seek if by any means he could have access to him; but could find no hope thereof without imminent danger not to himself only, but to many besides, if he had come to London and been recognised."

"Wherein he did judge rightly," quoth my uncle; and then Edmund—

"So, seeing my master and others of a like faith with him in so great straits touching their property and their lives also, I did most earnestly crave his license, being unknown and of no account in the world, and so least to be suspected, to undertake this enterprise, which he could not himself perform; which at last he did grant me, albeit not without reluctance. And thus resolved I came to town."

"And has your hope been frustrated?" Mr. Congleton asked. To whom Edmund—"I thank God, the end hath answered my expectations. I committed the cause to Him to whom nothing is impossible, and determined, like a trusty servant, to do all that in me did lie thereunto. And thinking on no other means, I took up my abode near to the prison, hoping in time to get acquainted with the keeper; for which purpose I had to drink with him each day, standing the cost, besides paying him well, which I was furnished with the means to do. At last I did, by his means, procure to see Mr. Fenn, and not only come to speak to him, but to have access to his cell three or four times with pen and ink and paper, to write his mind. So I have furnished him with the information he had need of, and likewise brought away with me such answers to my master's questions as should solve his doubts how to proceed in the aforesaid matters."

"God reward thee, my good youth," Mr. Congleton said, "for this thing which thou hast done; for verily, under the laws lately set forth, recusants be in such condition, that, if not death, beggary.

doth stare them in the face, and no remedy thereunto except by such assistance as well-disposed Protestants be willing to yield to them."

"And where doth my father stay at this present time?" I asked; and Edmund answered:

"Not so much as to you, Mistress Constance, am I free to reply to that question; for when I left, 'Edmund,' quoth my master, 'it is a part of prudence in these days to guard those that be dear to us from dangers ensuing on what men do call our perversity; and as these new laws enact that he which knoweth any one which doth hear Mass, be it ever so privately, or suffers a priest to absolve him, or performs any other action appertaining to Catholic religion, and doth not discover him before some public magistrate within the space of twenty days next following, shall suffer the punishment of high-treason, than which nothing can be more horrible; and that neither sex nor age be a cause of exemption from the like penalties, so that father must accuse son, and sister brother, and children their parents;—it is, I say, a merciful part to hide from our friends where we do conceal ourselves, whose consciences do charge us with these novel crimes, lest theirs be also burdened with the choice either to denounce us if called upon to testify thereon, or else to speak falsely. Therefore I do charge thee, my son Edmund' (for thus indeed doth my master term me, his unworthy servant), 'that thou keep from my good child, and my dear sister, and her no less dear husband, the knowledge of my present, but indeed ever-shifting, abode; and solely inform them, by word of mouth, that I am in good health, and in very good heart also, and do most earnestly pray for them, that their strength and patience be such as the times do require.'"

"And art thou reconciled, Edmund?" I asked, ever speaking hastily and beforehand with prudence. Mr. Congleton checked me sharply; whereupon, with great confusion, I interrupted my speech; but Edmund, albeit not in words yet by signs, answered my question so as I should be certified it was even as I had hoped. He then asked if I should not be glad to write a letter to my father, which he would carry to him, so that it was neither signed nor addressed, —which letter I did sit down to compose in a hurried manner, my heart prompting my pen to utter what it listed, rather than weighing the words in which those affectionate sentiments were expressed. Mr. Congleton likewise did write to him, whilst Edmund took some food, which he greatly needed; for he had scarce eaten so much as one comfortable meal since he had been in London, and was to ride day and night till he reached his master. I wept very bitterly when

he went away; for the sight of him recalled the dear mother I had lost, the sole parent whose company I was likewise reft of, and the home I was never like to see again. But when those tears were stayed, that which at the time did cause sadness ministered comfort in the retrospect, and relief from worse fears made the present separation from my father more tolerable. And on the next Sunday, when I went to the Charter House with my cousins and Mistress Ward, I was in such good cheer, that Polly commended my prating; which she said for some days had been so stayed, that she had greatly feared I had caught the infectious plague of melancholy from Kate, whom she vowed did half kill her with the sound of her doleful sighing since Mr. Lacy was gone, which she said was a dismal music brought into fashion by love-sick ladies, and such as she never did intend to practise; "for," quoth she, "I hold care to be the worst enemy in life; and to be in love very dull sport, if it serve not to make one merry." This she said turning to Sir Ralph Ingoldby, the afore-mentioned suitor for her hand, who went with us, and thereupon cried out, "Mercy on us, fair mistress, if we must be merry when we be sad, and by merriment win a lady's love, the lack of which doth so take away merriment that we must needs be sad, and so lose that which should cure sadness;" and much more he in that style, and she answering and making sport of his discourse, as was her wont with all gentlemen.

When we reached the house, Mistress Milicent was awaiting us at the door of the gallery for to conduct us to the best place wherein we could see her majesty's entrance. There were some seats there and other persons present, some of which were of Polly's acquaintance, with whom she did keep up a brisk conversation, in which she did surpass any woman I have since known, for she was never at a loss for an answer; as when one said to her—

"Truly, you have no mean opinion of yourself, fair mistress."

"As one shall prize himself," quoth she, "so let him look to be valued by others."

And another: "You think yourself to be Minerva."

Whereupon she—"No, sir, not when I be at your elbow;" meaning he was no Ulysses.

And when one gentleman asked her of a book, if she had read it, "The epistle," she said, "and no more."

"And wherefore no more," quoth he, "since that hath wit in it?"

"Because," she answered, "an author who sets all his wit in his epistle is like to make his book resemble a bankrupt's doublet."

"How so?" asked the gentleman.

"In this wise," saith she, "that he sets the velvet before, though the back be but of buckram."

"For my part," quoth a foppish young man, "I have thoughts in my mind should fill many volumes."

"Alack, good sir," cries she, "is there no type good enough to set them in?"

He, somewhat nettled, declares that she reads no books but of one sort, and doats on *Sir Bevis and Owlglass*, or *Fashion's Mirror*, and suchlike idle stuff, wherein he himself had never found so much as one word of profitable use or reasonable entertainment.

"I have read a fable," she said, "which speaks of a pasture in which oxen find fodder, hounds hares, storks lizards, and some animals nothing."

"To deliver you my opinion," said a lady who sat next to Polly's disputant, "I have no great esteem for letters in gentlewomen. The greatest readers be oft the worst doers."

"Letters!" cries Polly; "why, surely they be the most weighty things in creation; for so much as the difference of one letter mistaken in the order in which it should stand in a short sentence doth alter the expression of a man's resolve in a matter of life and death."

"How prove you that, madam?" quoth the lady.

"By the same token," answered Polly, "that I once did hear a gentleman say, 'I must go die a beggar,' who willed to say, 'I must go buy a dagger.'"

They all did laugh, and then some one said, "There was a witty book of emblems made on all the Cardinals at Rome, in which these scarlet princes were very roughly handled. Bellarmine, for instance, as a tiger fast chained to a post, and a scroll proceeding from the beast's mouth—'Give me my liberty; you shall see what I am.' I wish," quoth the speaker, "he were let loose in this island. The Queen's judges would soon constrain him to eat his words."

"Peradventure," answered Polly, "his own words should be too good food for a recusant in her majesty's prisons."

"Maybe, madam, you have tasted of that food," quoth the aforesaid lady, "that you be so well acquainted with its qualities."

Then I perceived that Mistress Ward did nudge Polly for to stay her from carrying on a further encounter of words on this subject; for, as she did remind us afterwards, many persons had been thrown into prison for only so much as a word lightly spoken in conversation which should be supposed even in a remote manner to infer a favourable opinion of Catholic religion; as, for instance, a bookseller in Oxford, for a jest touching the Queen's supremacy in ecclesiastical matters, had been a short time before arrested, pilloried,

whipped, and his ears nailed to a counter, which with a knife he had himself to cut through to free himself; which maybe had not been taken much notice of, as nothing singular in these days, the man being a Catholic and of no great note, but that much talk had been ministered concerning a terrible disease which broke out immediately after the passing of that sentence, by which the judge which had pronounced it, the jury, and many other persons concerned in it, had died raving mad; to the no small affright of the whole city. I ween, howsoever, no nudging should have stopped Polly from talking, which indeed was a passion with her, but that a burst of music at that time did announce the Queen's approach, and we did all stand up on the tiptoe of expectation to see her majesty enter.

My heart did beat as fast as the pendulum of a clock when the cries outside resounded, "Long live Queen Elizabeth!" and her majesty's voice was distinctly heard answering, "I thank you, my good people;" and the ushers crying out, "La Roynie!" as the great door was thrown open; through which we did see her majesty alight from her coach, followed by many nobles and lords, and amongst them one of her bishops, and my Lord and my Lady Surrey, kneeling to receive her on the steps, with a goodly company of kinsfolks and friends around them. Oh, how I did note every lineament of that royal lady, of so great power and majesty, that it should seem as if she were not made of the same mould as those of whom the Scriptures do say, that dust they are, and to dust must they return. Very majestic did she appear; her stature neither tall nor low, but her air exceeding stately. Her eyes small and black, her face fair, her nose a little hooked, and her lips narrow. Upon her head she had a small crown, her bosom was uncovered; she wore an oblong collar of gold and jewels, and on her neck an exceeding fine necklace. She was dressed in white silk bordered with pearls, and over it a mantle of black silk shot with silver threads; her train, which was borne by her ladies, was very long. When my lord knelt, she pulled off her glove, and gave him her right hand to kiss, sparkling with rings and jewels; but when my lady, in as sweet and modest a manner as can be thought of, advanced to pay her the same homage, she did withdraw it hastily and moved on. I can even now, at this distance of time, call to mind the look of that sweet lady's face as she rose to follow her majesty, who leant on my lord's arm with a show of singular favour, addressing herself to him in a mild, playful, and obliging manner. How the young countess's cheek did glow with a burning blush, as if doubting if she had offended in the manner of her behaviour, or had anyways merited the repulse she had met with! How she stood for one moment irresolute, seeking to

catch my lord's eye, so as to be directed by him; and failing to do so, with a pretty smile, but with what I, who loved her, fancied to be a quivering lip, addressed herself to the ladies of the Queen, and conducted them through the cloisters to the garden, whither her highness and my lord had gone.

In a brief time Mistress Milicent came to fetch us to a window which looked on the square, where a great open tent was set for a collation, and seats all round it for the concert which was to follow. As we went along, I took occasion to ask of her the name of a waiting-gentleman, who ordered about the servants with no small alacrity, and met her majesty with many bows and quirks and a long compliment in verse.

"'Tis Mr. Churchyard," she said; "a retainer of his grace's, and a poet withal."

"Not a *grave* one, I hope," said Polly.

"Nay," answered the simple gentlewoman, "but one well versed in pageants and tournaments and suchlike devices, as well as in writing of verses and epigrams very fine and witty. Her majesty doth sometimes send for him when any pageant is on hand."

"Ah then, I doubt not," quoth Polly, "he doth take himself to be no mean personage in the state, and so behaves accordingly."

Pretty Milicent left us to seek for Mistress Bess, whom she had charge of that day; and now our eyes were so intent on watching the spectacle before us that even Polly for a while was silent. The Queen did sit at table with a store of noblemen waiting on her; and a more goodly sight and a rarer one is not to be seen than a store of men famed for so much bravery and wit and arts of state, that none have been found to surpass them in any age; who be so loyal to a Queen and so reverent to a woman as these to this lady, who doth wear the crown of so great a kingdom, so that all the world doth hold it in respect, and her hand sought by so many great princes. But all this time I could not perceive that she so much as once did look towards my Lady Surrey, or spoke one single word to her or to my Lady Lumley, or little Bess, and took very scanty notice also of my Lady Berkeley, his grace's sister, who was a lady of so great and haughty a stomach, and of speech so eloquent and ready, that I have heard the Queen did say, that albeit Lady Berkeley bent her knee when she made obeisance to her, she could very well see she bent not her will to love or serve her, and that she liked not such as have a man's heart in a woman's body. 'Tis said that parity breedeth not affection, or affinity respect, of which saying this opinion of the Queen's should seem a notable example. But to see my Lady Surrey so treated in her own husband's father's house worked in me such effects of choler,

mingled with sadness, that I could scarce restrain my tears. Methought there was a greater nobleness and a more true queenly greatness in her meek and withal dignified endurance of these slights who was the subject, than in the sovereign who did so insult one who least of all did deserve it. What the Queen did, others took pattern from; and neither my Lord Burleigh, nor my Lord Leicester, or Sir Christopher Hatton, or young Lord Essex (albeit my lord's own friend), or little Sir John Harrington, her majesty's godson, did so much as speak one civil word or show her the least attention; but she did bear herself with so much sweetness, and, though I knew her heart was full almost to bursting, kept up so brave an appearance that none should see it except such as had their own hearts wounded through hers, that some were present that day who since have told me that, for promise of future distinction and true nobility of aspect and behaviour, they had not in their whole lives known one to be compared with the young Countess of Surrey.

Polly did point out to us the aforesaid noblemen and gentlemen, and also Dr. Cheney, the Bishop of Gloucester, who had accompanied her majesty, and M. de la Motte, the French ambassador, whom she did seem greatly to favour; but none that day so much as my Lord Surrey, on whom she let fall many gracious smiles, and used playful fashions with him, such as nipping him once or twice on the forehead, and shaking her fan, as if to reprove him for his answers to her questions, which nevertheless, if her countenance might be judged of, did greatly content her; albeit I once observed her to frown (and methought, then, what a terror doth lie in a sovereign's frown) and speak sharply to him; at the which a high colour came into his cheek, and rose up even to his temples, which her majesty perceiving, she did again use the same blandishments as before; and when the collation was ended, and the concert began, which had been provided for her grace's entertainment, she would have him sit at her feet, and gave him so many tokens of good-will, that I heard Sir Ralph Ingoldby, who was standing behind me, say to another gentleman:

"If that young nobleman's father is like to be shorter by the head, his father's son is like to have his own raised higher than ever his father's was, so he doth keep clear of papistry and overmuch fondness for his wife, which be the two things her majesty doth most abhor in her courtiers."

My heart moving me to curiosity, I could not forbear to ask:

"I pray you, sir, wherefore doth not her majesty like her courtiers to love their wives?"

At the which question he laughed, and said:

"By reason, Mistress Constance, that when they be in that case they do become stayers at home, and wait not on her majesty with a like diligence as when they are unmarried, or leastways love not their ladies. The Bible saith a man cannot serve God and mammon. Now her grace doth opine men cannot serve the Queen and their wives also."

"Then," I warmly cried, "I hope my Lord Surrey shall never serve the Queen!"

"I' faith, say it not so loud, young Mistress Papist," said Sir Ralph, laughing, "or we shall have you committed for high-treason. Some are in the Tower, I warrant you, for no worse offence than the uttering of suchlike rash words. How should you fancy to have your pretty ears bored with a rougher instrument than Master Anselm's the jeweller?"

And so he; but Polly, who methinks was not well pleased that he should notice mine ears, which were little and well-shaped, whereas hers were somewhat larger than did accord with her small face, did stop his further speech with me by asking him if he were an enemy to Papists; for if so, she would have naught to say to him, and he might become a courtier to the Queen, or any one else's husband, for any thing she did care, yea, if she were to lose her ears for it.

And he answered, he did very much love some Papists, albeit he hated papistry when it proved not conformable to reason and the laws of the country.

And so they fell to whispering and suchlike discourses as lovers hold together; and I, being seated betwixt this enamoured gentleman and the wall on the other side, had no one then to talk with. But if my tongue and mine ears also, save for the music below, were idle, not so mine eyes, for they did stray from one point to another of the fair spectacle which the garden did then present. Now resting on the Queen and those near unto her, and anon on my Lady Surrey, who sat on a couch to the left of her majesty's raised canopy, together with Lady Southwell, Lady Arundell (Sir Robert's wife), and other ladies of the Queen, and on one side of her the Bishop of Gloucester, whom, by reason of his assiduous talking with her, I took more special note of than I should otherwise have done; albeit he was a man which did attract the eye, even at the first sight, by a most amiable suavity of countenance, and a sweet and dignified behaviour both in speech and action such as I have seldom observed greater in any one. His manners were free and unconstrained; and only to look at him converse, it was easy to perceive he had a most ready wit tempered with benevolence. He seemed vastly taken with my Lady Surrey; and either had not

noticed how others kept aloof from her, or was rather moved thereby to show her civility; for they soon did fall into such eager, and in some sort familiar, discourse, as it should seem to run on some subject of like interest to both. Her colour went and came as the conversation advanced; and when she spoke, he listened with such grave suavity, and, when she stayed her speech, answered in so obliging a manner, and seemed so loth to break off, that I could not but admire how two persons, hitherto strangers to each other, and of such various ages and standing, should be so companionable on a first acquaintanceship.

When the Queen rose to depart, in the same order in which she came, every one kneeling as she passed, I did keenly watch to see what visage she would show to my Lady Surrey, whom she did indeed this time salute; but in no gracious manner, as one who looks without looking, notices without heeding, and in tendering of thanks thanketh not. As my lord walked by her majesty's side through the cloisters to the door, he suddenly dropped on one knee, and drawing a paper from his bosom, did present it to her highness, who started as if surprised, and shook her head in a playful manner—(oh, what a cruel playfulness methought it was, who knew, as her majesty must needs also have done, what that paper did contain),—as if she would not be at that time troubled with such grave matters, and did hand it to my Lord Burleigh; then gave again her hand to my lord to kiss, who did kneel with a like reverence as before; but with a shade of melancholy in his fair young face, which methought became it better than the smiles it had worn that day.

After the Queen had left, and all the guests were gone save such few as my lord had willed to stay to supper in his private apartments, I went unto my lady's chamber, where I found Mistress Milicent, who said she was with my lord, and prayed me to await her return; for that she was urgent I should not depart without speaking with her, which was also what I greatly desired. So I took a book and read for the space of an hour or more, whilst she tarried with my lord. When she came in, I could see she had been weeping. But her women being present, and likewise Mistress Bess, she tried to smile, and pressed my hand, bidding me to stay till she was rid of her trappings, as she did term them; and, sitting down before her mirror,—though I ween she never looked at her own face, which that evening had in it more of the whiteness of the lily than the colour of the rose,—she desired her women to unbraid her hair, and remove from her head the diamond circlet, and from her neck the heavy gold chain with a pearl cross, which had belonged to her husband's mother. Then stepping out of her robe, she put on a silk

wrapper, and so dismissed them, and likewise little Bess, who before she went whispered in her ear:

"Nan, methinks the Queen is foul and red-haired, and I should not care to kiss her hand for all the fine jewels she doth wear."

And so hugged her round the neck and stopped her mouth with kisses. When they were gone,

"Constance," quoth she, "we be full young, I ween, for the burden laid upon us, my lord and me."

"Ay, sweet one," I cried; "and God defend thou shouldst have to carry it alone;" for my heart was sore that she had had so little favour shown to her and my lord so much. A faint colour tinged her cheek as she replied:

"God knows I should be well content that Phil should stand so well in her majesty's good graces as should be convenient to his honour and the furtherance of his fortunes, if so be his father was out of prison; and 'tis little I should reck of such slights as her highness should choose to put upon me, if I saw him not so covetous of her favour that he shall think less well of his poor Nan hereafter by reason of the lack of her majesty's good opinion of her, which was so plainly showed to-day. For, good Constance, bethink thee what a galling thing it is to a young nobleman to see his wife so meanly entreated; and for her majesty to ask him, as she did, if the pale-faced chit by his side, when she arrived, was his sister or his cousin. And when he said it was his wife, who had knelt with him to greet her majesty—'Wife!' quoth the Queen; 'i' faith, I had forgotten thou wast married,—if indeed that is to be called a marriage which children do contract before they come to the age of reason;' and said she would take measures for that a law should be passed which should make such foolish marriages unlawful. And when my lord tried to tell her we had been married a second time a few months since, she pretended not to hear, and asked M. de la Motte if, in his country, children were made to marry in their infancy. To which he gave answer, that the like practice did sometimes take place in France; and that he had himself been present at a wedding where the bridegroom was whipped because he did refuse to open the ball with the bride. At the which her majesty very much laughed, and said she hoped my lord had not been so used on his wedding-day. I promise you Phil was very angry; but the wound these jests made was so salved over with compliments, which pleasantly tickle the ears when uttered by so great a queen, and marks of favour more numerous than can be thought of, in the matter of inviting him to hunt with her in Marylebone and Greenwich Park, and telling him he deserved better treatment than he had, as to his household and setting

forward in the world, that methinks the scar was not long in healing; albeit in the relating of these passages the pain somewhat revived. But what doth afflict me the most is the refusal her highness made to read my lord's letter, lamenting the unhappy position of the duke his father, and hoping the Queen, by his means and those of other friends, should mitigate her anger. I would have had Phil not only go down on his knees as he did, but lie on the threshold of the door, so that she should have walked over the son's body if she refused to show mercy to the father; but he yet doth greatly hope from the favour showed him, that he may sue her majesty with better effect some other time; and I pray God he may be right."

Here did the dear lady break off her speech, and hiding her face in her hands remained silent for a short space; and I, seeing her so deeply moved, with the intent to draw away her thoughts from painful musings, inquired of her if the good entertainment she had found in conversing with the bishop had been attributable to his witty discourse, or to the subjects therein treated of.

"Ah, good Constance," she answered, "our talk was of one whom you have often heard me speak of,—Mr. Martin's friend, Master Campion,* who is now beyond seas at Douay, and whom this bishop once did hold to be more dear to him than the apple of his eye. He says his qualifications were so excellent, and he so beloved by all persons in and outside of his college at Oxford, that none more so; and that he did himself see in him so great a present merit and promise of future excellence, that it had caused him more grief than any thing else which had happened to him, and been the occasion of his shedding more tears than he had ever thought to have done, when he who had received from him deacon's orders, and whom he had hoped should have been an honour and a prop to the Church of England, did forsake it and fly in the face of his Queen and his country: first, by going into Ireland; and then, as he understood, beyond seas, to serve the Bishop of Rome, against the laws of God and man. But that he did yet so dearly affection him that, understanding we had sometimes tidings of Mr. Martin, by whose means he had mostly been moved to this lamentable defection, he should be contented to hear somewhat of his whilom son, still dear to him, albeit estranged. I told him we did often see Master Campion when Mr. Martin was here; and that, from what I had heard, both were like to be at Douay, but that no letters past between Mr. Martin and ourselves; for that his grace did not allow of such correspondence since he had been reconciled and gone beyond seas.

* State papers

Which the bishop said was a commendable prudence in his grace, and the part of a careful father; and added, that then maybe he knew more of what had befallen Master Campion than I did; for that he had a long epistle from him, so full of moving arguments and pithy remonstrances, as might have shaken one not well grounded and settled in his religion, and which also contained a recital of his near arrest in Dublin, where the Queen's officers would have arrested him, if a friend had not privately warned him of his danger. And I do know, good Constance, who that friend was; for albeit I would not tell the bishop we had seen Master Campion since he was reconciled, he, in truth, was here some months ago: my lord met him in the street, disguised as a common travelling man, and brought him into the garden, whither he also called me; and we heard then from him how he would have been taken in Ireland, if the Viceroy himself, Sir Henry Sydney, who did greatly favour him,—as indeed all who know him incline to do, for his great parts, and nobleness of mind and heart, and withal most attractive manners,—had not sent him a message, in the middle of the night, to the effect that he should instantly leave the city, and take measures for to escape abroad. So, under the name of Patrick, and wearing the livery of the Earl of Kildare, he travelled to a port twenty miles from Dublin, and there embarked for England. The Queen's officers, coming on board the ship whereon he had taken his passage, before it sailed, searched it all over; but, through God's mercy, he said, and St. Patrick's prayers, whose name he had taken, no one did recognise him, and he passed to London; and the day after, my lord sent him over to Flanders. So much as the bishop did know thereon, he related unto me, and stinted not in his praise of his great merits, and lamentations for what he called his perversion; and hence he took occasion to speak of religion. And when I said I had been brought up in the Catholic religion, albeit I now conformed to the times, he said he would show me the way to be Catholic and still obey the laws, and that I might yet believe for the most part what I had learnt from my teachers, so be I renounced the Pope, and commended my saying the prayers I had been used to; which, he doubted not, were more pleasing to God than such as some ministers do recite out of their own heads, whom he did grieve to hear frequented our house, and were no better than heretics, such as Mr. Fox and Mr. Fulke and Mr. Charke, and the like of them. But what did much content me was, that he mislikes the cruel usage recusants do meet with; and he said, not as if boasting of it, but to declare his mind thereon, that he had often sent them alms who suffered for their conscience' sake, as many do at

this time. But that I was to remember many Protestants were burnt in the late Queen's time, and that if Papists were not kept under by strict laws, the like might happen again.

"You should have told him," I cried, who had been silent longer than I liked, "that Protestants are burnt also in this reign, by the same token that some Anabaptists did so suffer a short time back, to your Mr. Fox's no small disgust, who should will none but Catholics to be put to death."

"Content thee, good Constance," my lady answered: "I be not so furnished with arguments as thou in a like case wouldst be. So I only said, I would to God none were burnt, or hanged, or tortured any more in this country, or in the world at all, for religion; and my lord of Gloucester declared he was of the same mind, and would have none so dealt with, if he could mend it, here or abroad. Then the Queen rising to go, our discourse came to an end; but this good bishop says he will visit me when he next doth come to London, and make that matter plain to me how I can remain Catholic, and obey the Queen, and content his grace."

"Then he will show you," I cried, "how to serve God and the world, which the Gospel saith is a thing not to be thought of, and full of peril to the soul."

My Lady Surrey burst into tears, and I was angered with myself that I had spoken peradventure over sharply to her who had too much trouble already; but it did make me mad to see her so beset that the faith which had been once so rooted in her, and should be her sure and only stay in the dangerous path she had entered on, should be in such wise shaken as her words did indicate. But she was not angered, the sweet soul; and drawing me to herself, laid her head on my bosom, and said:

"Thou art a true friend, though a bold one; and I pray God I may never lack the benefit of such friendship as thine, for He knoweth I have great need thereof."

And so we parted, with many tender embraces, and our hearts more strictly linked together than heretofore.

CHAPTER X.

IN the month of November of the same year in which the Queen did visit Lord and Lady Surrey at the Charter House, a person, who mentioned not his name, delivered into the porter's hands at our gate a letter for me, which I found to be from my good father, and which I do here transcribe, as a memorial of his great piety towards God, and tender love for me his unworthy child.

"MY DEARLY-BELOVED DAUGHTER (so he),—Your comfortable letter has not a little cheered me; and the more so that this present one is like to be the last I shall be able to write on this side of the sea, if it so happen that it shall please God to prosper my intent, which is to pass over into Flanders at the first convenient opportunity; for the stress of the times, and mine own earnest desire to live within the compass of a religious life, have moved me to forsake for a while this realm, and betake myself to a place which shall afford opportunity and a sufficiency of leisure for the prosecution of my design. The comfortable report Edmund made of thy health, increased height, and good condition, as also of thy exceeding pleasant and affectionate behaviour to him, as deputed from thy poor father to convey to thee his paternal blessing, together with such tokens as a third person may exhibit of that most natural and tender affection which he bears to thee, his sole child, whom next to God he doth most entirely value and love,—of which charge this good youth assured me he did acquit himself as my true son in Christ, which indeed he now is,—and my good brother's letter and thine, which both do give proof of the exceeding great favour shown towards thee in his house, wherein he doth reckon my Constance not so much a niece (for such be his words) as a most cherished daughter, whose good qualities and lively parts have so endeared her to his family, that the greatest sorrow which could befall them should be to lose her company; which I do not here recite for to awaken in thee motions of pride or a vain conceit of thine own deserts, but rather gratitude to those whose goodness is so great as to overlook thy defects and magnify thy merits;—Edmund's report, I say, coupled with these letters, have yielded me all the contentment I desire at this time, when I am about to embark on a perilous voyage, of which none can foresee the course or the end: one in which I take the Cross of Christ for my only staff; His words, 'Follow Me,' for my motto; and His promise, to all such as do confess Him before men, as the assured anchor of my hope.

"Our ingenuous youth informed thee (albeit I doubt not in such wise as to conceal, if it had been possible, his own ability, which, with his devotedness, do exceed praise) how he acquitted both me and others of much trouble and imminent danger by his fortunate despatch with that close prisoner. I had determined to place him with some of my acquaintance, lest perhaps he should return, not without some danger of his soul, to his own friends; but when he understood my resolution, he cried out with like words to those of St. Lawrence, 'Whither goeth my master without his servant? Whither goeth my father without his son?' and with tears distilling from his eyes,

he humbly entreated he might go together with me, saying, as it were with St. Peter, 'Master, I am ready to go with you to prison, yea to death;' but, forecasting his future ability, as also to try his spirit a little further, I made him answer it was impossible; to which our Edmund replied, 'Alas! and is it impossible? Shall my native soil restrain free will? or home-made laws alter devout resolutions? Am I not young? Can I not study? May I not in time get what you now have got—learning for a scholar? yea, virtue for a priest, perhaps; and so at length obtain that for which you now are ready? Direct me the way, I beseech you; and let me, if you please, be your precursor. Tell me what I shall do, or whither I must go; and for the rest, God, who knows my desire, will provide and supply the want. Can it be possible that He who clotheth the lilies of the field, and feeds the fowls of the air, will forsake him who forsakes all to fulfil His divine precept, "Seek first the kingdom of God and His justice, and all other things shall be given to you"?' Finally, he ended, to my no small admiration, by reciting the words of our Saviour, 'Whosoever shall forsake home, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, for My sake and the gospel's, shall receive a hundredfold and possess life everlasting.'

"By these impulses, often repeated with great fervour of spirit, I perceived God Almighty's calling in him, and therefore at last condescended to let him take his adventures, procuring him commendations to such friends beyond seas as should assist him in his purpose, and furnishing him with money sufficient for such a journey; not judging it to be prudent to keep him with me, who have not ability to warrant mine own passage; and so noted a recusant, that I run a greater risk to be arrested in any port where I embark. And so, in all love and affection, we did part; and I have since had intelligence, for the which I do return most humble and hearty thanks to God, that he hath safely crossed the seas, and has now reached a sure harbour, where his religious desires may take effect. And now, daughter Constance, mine own good child, fare thee well! Pray for thy poor father, who would fain give thee the blessing of the elder as of the younger son,—Jacob's portion and Esau's also. But methinks the blessings of this world be not at the present time for the Catholics of this land; and so we must needs be content, for our children as for ourselves (and a covetous man he is which should not therewith be satisfied), with the blessings our Lord did utter on the mountain, and mostly with that in which He doth say, 'Blessed are ye when men shall persecute you, and revile you, and say all manner of evil against you falsely, for My name's sake; for great is your reward in heaven.'

"Your loving father in natural affection and ten thousand times more in the love of Christ.

H. S."

Oh, what a gulf of tenfold separation did those words "beyond seas" suggest betwixt that sole parent and his poor child! Thoughts travel not with ease beyond the limits which nature hath set to this isle; and what lies beyond the watery waste wherewith Providence hath engirdled our shores offers no apt images to the mind picturing the invisible from the visible, as it is wont to do with home-scenes, where one city or one landscape beareth a close resemblance to another. And if, in the forsaking of this realm, so much danger did lie, yea, in the very ports whence he might sail, so that I, who should otherwise have prayed that the winds might detain him, and the waves force him back on his native soil, was constrained to supplicate that they should assist him to abandon it,—how much greater, methought, should be the perils of his return, when, as he indeed hoped, a mark should be set on him which in our country dooms men to a cruel death! Many natural tears I shed at this parting, which until then had not seemed so desperate and final; and for a while would not listen to the consolations which were offered by the good friends who were so tender to me, but continued to wander about in a disconsolate manner in the garden, or passionately to weep in my own chamber, until Muriel, the sovereign mistress of comfort to others, albeit ever ailing in her body, and contemned by such as dived not through exterior deformity into the interior excellences of her soul, with sweet compulsion and authoritative arguments drawn from her admirable faith and simple devotion, rekindled in mine the more noble sentiments sorrow had obscured, not so much through diverting, as by elevating and sweetening, my thoughts to a greater sense of the goodness of God in calling my father, and peradventure Edmund also, to so great an honour as the priesthood, and never more honourable than in these days, wherein it oftentimes doth prove the road to martyrdom.

In December of that year my Lord and my Lady Surrey, by the Duke of Norfolk's desire, removed for some weeks to Kenninghall for change of air, and also Lady Lumley, his grace judging them to be as yet too young to keep house alone. My lord's brothers and Mistress Bess, with her governess, were likewise carried there. Lady Surrey wrote from that seat, that, were it not for the duke's imprisonment and constant fears touching his life, she should have had great contentment in that retirement, and been most glad to have tarried there, if it had pleased God, so long as she lived, my lord taking so

much pleasure in field-sports, and otherwise so companionable, that he often offered to ride with her; and in the evenings they did entertain themselves with books, chiefly poetry, and sometimes played at cards. They had but few visitors, by reason of the disgrace and trouble his grace was in at that time; only such of their neighbours as did hunt and shoot with the earl her husband; mostly Sir Henry Stafford and Mr. Rookwood's two sons, whom she commended; the one for his good qualities and honest carriage, and the other for wit and learning; as also Sir Hammond l'Estrange, a gentleman who stayed no longer away from Kenninghall, she observed, than thereunto compelled by lack of an excuse for tarrying if present, or returning when absent. He often procured to be invited by my lord, who used to meet him out of doors, and frequently carried him back with him to dine or to sup, and often both.

"And albeit" (so my lady wrote) "I doubt not but he doth set a reasonable value on my lord's society,—who, although young enough to be his son, is exceedingly conversable and pleasant, as every one who knows him doth testify,—and mislikes not, I ween, the good cheer, or the wine from his grace's cellar; yet I warrant thee, good Constance, 'tis not for the sake only of our poor company or hospitable table that this good knight doth haunt us, but rather from the passion I plainly see he hath conceived for our Milicent since a day when he hurt his arm by a fall not far from hence, and I procured she should dress it with that rare ointment of thine, which verily doth prove of great efficacy in cases where the skin is rubbed off. Methinks the wound in his arm was then transplanted into his heart, and the good man so bewitched with the blue eyes and dove-like countenance of his surgeon, that he has fallen head-over-ears in love, and is, as I hope, minded to address her in a lawful manner. His wound did take an exceeding long time in healing, to the no small discredit of thy ointment; for he came several days to have it dressed, and I could not choose but smile when at last our sweet practitioner did ask him, in an innocent manner, if the wound did yet smart, for indeed she could see no appearance in it but what betokened it to be healed. He answered, 'There be wounds, Mistress Milicent, which smart, albeit no outward marks of such suffering do show themselves.' 'Ay,' quoth Milicent, 'but for such I be of opinion further dressing is needless; and with my lady's license, I will furnish you, sir, with a liquid which shall strengthen the skin, and so relieve the aching, if so you be careful to apply it night and morning to the injured part, and to cork the bottle after using it.' 'My memory is so bad, fair physician,' quoth the knight, 'that I am like to forget the prescription.' She answered, he should stand the

bottle so as it should meet his eyes when he rose, and then he must needs remember it.

"And so broke off the discourse. But when he is here, I notice how his eyes do follow her when she sets the table for primero, or works at the tambour-frame, or plays with Bess, to whom he often talks as she sits on *her* knees, who, if I mistake not, shall be, one of these days, Lady l'Estrange, and is as worthy to be so well married as any girl in the kingdom, both as touching her birth and her exceeding great virtue and good disposition. He is an extreme Protestant, and very bitter against Catholics; but as she, albeit mild in temper, is as firmly settled in the new religion as he is; no difference will exist between them on a point in which 'tis most of all to be desired husbands and wives should be agreed. Thou mayst think that I have been over apt to note the signs of this good knight's passion, and to draw deductions from such tokens as have appeared of it, visible maybe to no other eyes than mine; but trust me, Constance, those who do themselves know what 'tis to love with an engrossing affection are quick to mark the same effects in others. When Phil is in the room, I find it a hard matter at times to restrain mine eyes from gazing on that dear husband, whom I do so entirely love that I have no other pleasure in life but in his company. And not to seem to him or to others too fond, which is not a becoming thing even in a wife, I study to conceal my constant thinking on him by such devices as cunningly to provoke others to speak of my lord, and so appear only to follow whereunto my own desire doth point, or to propose questions,—a pastime wherein he doth excel,—and so minister to mine own pride in him without direct flattery, or in an unbecoming manner setting forth his praise. And thus I do grow learned in the tricks of true affection, and to perceive in such as are in love what mine own heart doth teach me to be the signals of that passion."

So far my lady; and not long after, on the 1st day of February, I had a note from her, written in great distraction of mind at the Charter House, where she and all his grace's children had returned in a sudden manner on the hearing that the Queen had issued a warrant for the duke's execution on the next Monday. Preparations were made with the expectation of all London and a concourse of many thousands to witness it, the tread of whose feet was heard at night, like to the roll of muffled drums, along the streets; but on the Sunday, late in the night, the Queen's majesty entered into a great misliking that the duke should die the next day, and sent an order to the sheriffs to forbear till they should hear further. His grace's mother, the Dowager Countess, and my Lady Berkeley his sister

(now, indeed, lowering her pride to most humble supplication), and my Lord Arundel from his sick-bed, and the French ambassador, together with many others, sued with singular earnestness to her majesty for his life, who, albeit she had stayed the execution of his sentence, would by no means recall it. I hasted to the Charter House, Mistress Ward going with me, and both were admitted into her ladyship's chamber, with whom did sit that day the fairest picture of grief I ever beheld—the Lady Margaret Howard, who for some months had resided with the Countess of Sussex, who was a very good lady to her and all these afflicted children. Albeit Lady Surrey had often greatly commended this young lady, and styled her so rare a piece of perfection, that no one could know and not admire her; the loveliness of her face, nobility of her figure, and attractiveness of her manners exceeded my expectations. The sight of these sisters minded me then of what Lady Surrey had written when they were yet children, touching my Lord Surrey styling them “two twin cherries on one stalk;” and methought, now that the lovely pair had ripened into early maturity, their likeness in beauty (though differing in complexion) justified the saying. Lady Margaret greeted us as though we had not been strangers, and in the midst of her great and natural sorrow showed a grateful sense of the share we did take in a grief which methinks was deeper in her than in any other of these mourners.

Oh, what a period of anxious suspense did follow that first relieve! what alternations of hope and fear! what affectionate letters were exchanged between that loving father and good master and his sorrowful children and servants! Now writing to Mr. Dyx, his faithful steward:

“Farewell, good Dyx! your service hath been so faithful unto me, as I am sorry that I cannot make proof of my good-will to recompense it. I trust my death shall make no change in you towards mine, but that you will faithfully perform the trust that I have reposed in you. Forget me, and remember me in mine. Forget not to counsel and advise Philip and Nan's unexperienced years; the rest of their brothers' and sisters' well-doing resteth much upon their virtuous and considerate dealings. God grant them His grace, which is able to work better in them than my natural well-meaning heart can wish unto them. Amen. And so, hoping of your honesty and faithfulness when I am dead, I bid you this my last farewell.

T. H.”

Now to another trusty friend and honest dependent:

“Good friend George, farewell. I have no other tokens to send my

friends but my books; and I know how sorrowful you are, amongst the rest, for my hard hap, whereof I thank God; because I hope His merciful chastisement will prepare me for a better world. Look well throughout this book, and you shall find the name of duke very unhappy. I pray God it may end with me, and that others may speed better hereafter. But if I might have my wish, and were in as good a state as ever you knew me, yet I would wish for a lower degree. Be a friend, I pray you, to mine; and do my hearty commendations to your good wife and to gentle Mr. Denny. I die in the faith that you have ever known me to be of. Farewell, good friend.

"Yours dying, as he was living,

"NORFOLK."

These letters and some others did pass from hand to hand in that afflicted house; and sometimes hope, and sometimes despair, prevailed in the hearts of the great store of relatives and friends which often assembled there to confer on the means of softening the Queen's anger and moving her to mercy: one time through letters from the King of France and other princes, which was an ill shot, for to be so entreated by foreign potentates did but inflame her majesty's anger against the duke; at others, by my Lord Sussex and my Lord Arundel, or such persons in her court as nearly approached her highness and could deal with her when she was merry and chose to condescend to their discourse. But the wind shifts not oftener than did the Queen's mind at that time, so diverse were her dispositions towards this nobleman, and always opposed to such as appeared in those who spoke on this topic, whether as pressing for his execution, or suing for mercy to be extended to him. I heard much talk at that time touching his grace's good qualities: how noble had been his spirit; how moderate his disposition; how plain his attire; how bountiful his alms.

As the fates of many do in these days hang on the doom of one, much eagerness was shown amongst those who haunted my uncle's house to learn the news afloat concerning the issue of the duke's affair. Some Catholics of note were lying in prison at that time in Norwich, most of them friends of these gentlemen; of which four were condemned to death at that time, and one to perpetual imprisonment and loss of all his property for reconciliation; but whilst the Duke of Norfolk was yet alive, they held the hope he should, if once out of prison, recover the Queen's favour and drive from their seats his and their mortal enemies, my Lords Burleigh and Leicester. And verily the axe was held suspended on the head of that duke for four months and more, to the unspeakable anguish of many; and,

amongst others, his aged and afflicted mother, the Dowager Countess of Surrey, who came to London from the country to be near her son in this extremity. Three times did the Queen issue a warrant for his death, and then recalled it; so that those trembling relatives and well-wishers in and out of his house did look each day to hear the fatal issue had been compassed. In the month of March, when her majesty was sick with a severe inflammation and agonising pain, occasioned, some said, by poison administered by Papists, but by her own physicians declared to arise from her contempt of their prescriptions,—there was a strange turmoil, I ween, in some men's breasts, albeit silent as a storm brewing on a sultry day. Under their breath, and with faces shaped to conceal the wish which bred the inquiry, they asked of the Queen's health; whilst others tore their hair and beat their breasts with no affected grief, and the most part of the people lamented her danger. Oh, what five days were those when the shadow of death did hover over that royal couch, and men's hearts failed them for fear, or else wildly whispered hopes such as they durst not utter aloud,—not so much as to a close friend,—lest the walls should have ears, or the pavement open under their feet! My God, in Thy hands lie the issues of life and death. Thou dost assign to each one his space of existence, his length of days. Thy ways are not as our ways, nor Thy thoughts as our thoughts. She lived who was yet to doom so many princely heads to the block, so many saintly forms to the dungeon and the rack. She lived whose first act was to stretch forth a hand yet weakened by sickness to sign, a fourth time, the warrant for her kinsman's death, and once again recalled it. Each day some one should come in with various reports touching the Queen's dispositions. Sometimes she had been heard to opine that her dangers from her enemies were so great, that justice must be done. At others she vehemently spoke of the nearness of blood to herself, of the superiority in honour of this duke; and once she wrote to Lord Burleigh (a copy of this letter Lord Surrey saw in Lord Oxford's hands), "that she was more beholden to the hinder part of her head than she dared trust the forward part of the same;" and expressed great fear lest an irrevocable deed should be committed. But she would not see Lord Surrey, or suffer him to plead in person for his father's life. Yet there were good hopes amongst his friends he should yet be released, till one day,—I mind it well, for I was sitting with Lady Surrey, reading out loud to her, as I was often used to do,—my Lord Berkeley burst into the chamber, and cried, throwing his gloves on the table and swearing a terrible oath:

"That woman has undone us!"

"What, the Queen?" said my lady, white as a smock.

"Verily a queen," he answered gloomily. "I warrant you the Queen of Scots hath ended as she did begin, and dragged his grace into a pit from whence I promise you he will never now rise. A letter, writ in her cipher to the Duke of Alva, hath been intercepted, in which that luckless royal wight, ever fatal to her friends as to herself, doth say, 'that she hath a strong party in England, and lords who favour her cause; some of whom, albeit prisoners, so powerful, that the Queen of England should not dare to touch their lives.' Alack! those words, 'should not dare,' shall prove the death-warrant of my noble brother. Cursed be the day when he did get entangled in that popish siren's plots!"

"Speak not harshly of her, good my lord," quoth Lady Surrey, in her gentle voice. "Her sorrows do bear too great a semblance to our own not to bespeak from us patience in this mishap."

"Nan," said Lord Berkeley, "thou art of too mild a disposition. 'Tis the only fault I do find with thee. Beshrew me, if my wife and thee could not make exchange of some portion of her spirit and thy meekness to the advantage of both. I warrant thee, Phil's wife should hold a tight hand over him."

"I read not that precept in the Bible, my lord," quoth she, smiling. "It speaketh roundly of the duty of wives to obey, but not so much as one word of their ruling."

"Thou hadst best preach thy theology to my Lady Berkeley," he answered; "and then she—"

"But I pray you, my lord, is it indeed your opinion that the Queen will have his grace's life?"

"I should not give so much as a brass pin, Nan, for his present chance of mercy at her hands," he replied sadly. And his words were justified in the event.

Those relentless enemies of the duke, my Lords Burleigh and Leicester,—who, at the time of the Queen's illness, had stood three days and three nights without stirring from her bedside in so great terror lest she should die and he should compass the throne through a marriage with the Queen of Scots, that they vowed to have his blood at any cost if her majesty did recover,—so dealt with parliament as to move it to send a petition praying that, for the safety of her highness and the quieting of her realm, he should be forthwith executed. And from that day to the mournful one of his death, albeit from the great reluctance her majesty had evinced to have him despatched, his friends, yea unto the last moment, lived in expectancy of a reprieve; he himself made up his mind to die with extraordinary fortitude, not choosing to entertain so much as the least hope of life.

One day at that time I saw my Lady Margaret mending some hose, and at each stitch she made with her needle tears fell from her eyes. I offered to assist her ladyship; but she said, pressing the hose to her heart, "I thank thee, good Constance; but no other hands than mine shall put a stitch in these hose, for they be my father's, who hath worn them with these holes for many months, till poor Master Dyx bethought himself to bring them here to be patched and mended, which task I would have none perform but myself. My father would not suffer him to procure a new pair, lest it should be misconstrued as a sign of his hope or desire of a longer life, and with the same intent he refuseth to eat flesh as often as the physicians do order; 'for,' quoth he, 'why should I care to nourish a body doomed to such near decay?'" Then, after a pause, she said, "He will not wear clothes which have any velvet on them, being, he saith, a condemned person."

Lady Surrey took one of the hose in her hand, but Lady Margaret, with a filial jealousy, sadly smiling, shook her head; "Nay, Nan," quoth she, "not even to thee, sweet one, will I yield one jot or tittle of this mean, but, in relation to him who doth own these poor hose, exalted labour." Then she asked her sister if she had heard of the duke's request that Mr. Fox, his old schoolmaster, should attend on him in the Tower, to whom he desired to profess that faith he did first ground him in.

And my Lady Surrey answered, yea; that my lord had informed her of it, and many other proofs beside that his grace sought to prepare for death in the best manner he could think of.

"Some ill-disposed persons have said," quoth Lady Margaret, "that 'tis with the intent to propitiate the Queen that my father doth show himself to be so settled in his religion, and that he is not what he seems; but 'tis a slander on his grace, who hath been of this way of thinking since he attained to the age of reason, and was never at any time reconciled, as some have put forth."

This was the last time I did see these afflicted daughters until long after their father's death, who was beheaded in the chapel of the Tower shortly afterwards. When the blow fell, which, striking at him, struck a no less fatal blow to the peace and well-doing of his children, they all left the Charter House and removed for a time into the country, to the houses of divers relatives, in such wise as before his death the duke had desired. A letter which I received from Lady Surrey a few weeks after she left London doth best serve to show the manner of this disposal, and the temper of the writer's mind at that melancholy time.

"MY OWN DEAR CONSTANCE,—It may like you to hear that your

afflicted friend is improved in bodily health, and somewhat recovered from the great suffering of mind which the duke, their good father's death, has caused to all his poor children—mostly to Megg and Phil and me; for their brothers and my sister are too young greatly to grieve. My Lord Arundel is sorely afflicted, I hear, and hath writ a very lamentable letter to our good Lady Sussex concerning this sad mishap. My Lady Berkeley and my Lady Westmoreland are almost distracted with grief for the death of a brother they did singularly love. That poor lady (of Westmoreland) is much to be pitied, for that she is parted from her husband, maybe for ever, and has lost two fair daughters in one year.

"My lord hath shown much affection for his father, and natural sorrow in this sad loss; and when his last letters, written a short time before he suffered, and addressed 'To my loving children,' specially the one to Philip and Nan, reached his hands, he wept so long and bitterly, that it seemed as if his tears should never cease. My lord is forthwith to make his chief abode at Cambridge for a year or two; and Megg and I, with Lady Sussex, and I do hope Bess also—albeit his grace doth appear in his letter to be otherwise minded. But methinks he apprehended to lay too heavy a charge on her, who is indeed a good lady to us all in this our unhappy condition, and was loth Megg should be out of my company.

"The parting with my lord is a sore trial, and what I had not looked to; but God's will be done; and if it be for the advantage of his soul, as well as the advancement of his learning, he should reside at the university, it should ill befit me to repine. And now methinks I will transcribe, if my tears do not hinder me, his grace's letters, which will inform thee of his last wishes better than I could explain them; for I would have thee know how tender and forecasting was his love for us, and the good counsel he hath left unto his son, who I pray to God may always follow it. And I would have thee likewise note one point of his advice, which indeed I should have been better contented he had not touched upon, forasmuch as his having done so must needs hinder that which thy fond love for my poor self, and resolved adherence to what he calls 'blind papistry,' doth so greatly prompt thee to desire; for if on his blessing he doth charge us to beware of it, and then I should move my lord to so much neglect of his last wishes as at any time to be reconciled, bethink thee with what an ill grace I should urge on him, in other respects, obedience to his commands, which indeed are such as do commend themselves to any Christian soul as most wise and profitable. And now, breaking off mine own discourse to transcribe his words,—a far more noble and worthy employment of

my pen,—and praying God to bless thee, I remain thy tender and loving friend,
ANN SURREY."

"The Duke of Norfolk's letters to his children:

"DEAR CHILDREN,—This is the last letter that ever I think to write to you; and therefore, if you loved me, or that you will seem grateful to me for the special love that I have ever borne unto you, then remember and follow these my last lessons. Oh, Philip, serve and fear God, above all things. I find the fault in myself, that I have (God forgive me!) been too negligent in this point. Love and make much of your wife; for therein, considering the great adversity you are now in, by reason of my fall, is your greatest present comfort and relief, besides your happiness in having a wife which is endued with so great towardness in virtue and good qualities, and in person comparable with the best sort. Follow these two lessons, and God will bless you; and without these, as you may see by divers examples out of the Scripture, and also by ordinary worldly proof, where God is not feared, all goeth to wreck; and where love is not between the husband and wife, there God doth not prosper. My third lesson is, that you show yourself loving and natural to your brothers and sister and sister-in-law. Though you be very young in years, yet you must strive with consideration to become a man; for it is your own presence and good government of yourself that must get friends; and if you take that course, then have I been so careful a father unto you, as I have taken such order as you, by God's grace, shall be well able, besides your wife's lands, to maintain yourself like a gentleman. Marry! the world is greedy and covetous; and if the show of the well government of yourself do not fear and restrain their greedy appetite, it is like that, by un-direct means, they will either put you from that which law layeth upon you, or else drive you to much trouble in trying and holding your right. When my grandfather died, I was not much above a year elder than you are now; and yet, I thank God, I took such order with myself, as you shall reap the commodity of my so long passed travel, if you do now imitate the like. Help to strengthen your young and raw years with good counsel. I send you herewith a brief schedule, whom I wish you to make account of as friends, and whom as servants; and I charge you, as a father may do, to follow my direction therein; my experience can better tell what is fit for you than your young years can judge of. I would wish you for the present to make your chief abode at Cambridge, which is the place fittest for you to promote your learning in; and besides, it is not very far hence, whereby you may, within a day's warning, be

here to follow your own causes, as occasion serveth. If, after a year or two, you spend some time in a house of the law, there is nothing that will prove more to your commodity, considering how for the time you shall have continual business about your own law affairs; and thereby also, if you spend your time well, you shall be ever after better able to judge in your own causes. I too late repent that I followed not this course that now I wish to you; for if I had, then my case perchance had not been in so ill state as now it is.

"When God shall send you to those years as that it shall be fit for you to keep house with your wife (which I had rather were sooner, than that you should fall into ill company), then I would wish you to withdraw yourself into some private dwelling of your own. And if your hap may be so good, as you may so live without being called to higher degree, oh, Philip, Philip, then shall you enjoy that blessed life which your woful father would fain have done, and never could be so happy. Beware of high degree. To a vain-glorious proud stomach it seemeth at the first sweet. Look into all chronicles, and you shall find that in the end it brings heaps of cares, toils in the state, and most commonly in the end utter overthrow. Look into the whole state of the nobility in times past, and into their state now, and then judge whether my lessons be true or no. Assure yourself, as you may see by the book of my accounts, and you shall find that my living did hardly maintain my expenses; for all the help that I had by Tom's lands, and somewhat by your wife's and sister's-in-law, I was ever a beggar. You may, by the grace of God, be a great deal richer and quieter in your low degree, wherein I once again wish you to continue. They may, that shall wish you the contrary, have a good meaning; but believe your father, who of love wishes you best, and with the mind that he is at this present fully armed to God, who sees both states, both high and low, as it were even before His eyes. Beware of the court, except it be to do your prince service, and that, as near as you can, in the lowest degree, for that place hath no certainty; either a man, by following thereof, hath too much of worldly pomp, which, in the end, throws him down headlong, or else he liveth there unsatisfied; either that he cannot attain for himself that he would, or else that he cannot do for his friends as his heart desireth. Remember these notes, and follow them; and then you, by God's help, shall reap the commodity of them in your old years.

"If your brothers may be suffered to remain in your company, I would be most glad thereof, because continuing together should still increase love between you. But the world is so catching of every

thing that falls, that Tom being, as I believe, after my death, the Queen's majesty's ward, shall be begged by one or another. But yet you are sure to have your brother William left still with you, because, poor boy, he hath nothing to feed cormorants withal; to whom you will as well be a father as a brother; for upon my blessing I commit him to your charge to provide for, if that which I have assured him by law shall not be so sufficient as I mean it. If law may take place, your sister-in-law will be surely enough conveyed to his behoof, and then I should wish her to be brought up with some friend of mine; as for the present I allow best of Sir Christopher Heydon, if he will so much befriend you as to receive her to sojourn with him; if not there, in some other place, as your friends shall best allow of. And touching the bestowing of your wife and Megg, who I would be loth should be out of your wife's company; for as she should be a good companion for Nan, so I commit Megg of especial trust to her. I think good, till you keep house together, if my Lady of Sussex might be entreated to take them to her as sojourners, there were no place so fit, considering her kindred unto you, and the assured friend that I hope you shall find of her; besides she is a good lady. If it will not be so brought to pass, then, by the advice of your friends, take some other order; but in no case I would wish you to keep any house except it be together with your wife.

"Thus I have advised you as my troubled memory can at present suffer me. Beware of pride, stubbornness, taunting, and sullenness, which vices nature doth somewhat kindle in you; and therefore you must with reason and discretion make a new nature in yourself. Give not your mind too much and too greedily to gaming; make a pastime of it, and no toil. And lastly, delight to spend some time in reading of the Scriptures; for therein is the whole comfort of man's life; all other things are vain and transitory; and if you be diligent in reading of them, they will remain with you continually, to your profit and commodity in this world, and to your comfort and salvation in the world to come, whither, in grace of God, I am now with joy and consolation preparing myself. And, upon my blessing, beware of blind papistry, which brings nothing but bondage to men's consciences. Mix your prayers with fasting, not thinking thereby to merit; for there is nothing that we ourselves can do that is good,—we are but unprofitable servants: but fast, I say, thereby to tame the wicked affection of the mind, and trust only to be saved by Christ's precious blood; for without a perfect faith therein, there is no salvation. Let works follow your faith; thereby to show to the world that you do not only say you have faith, but that you give testimony thereof to the full satisfaction of the godly. I write somewhat the

more herein, because perchance you have heretofore heard, or perchance may hereafter hear, false bruits that I was a Papist;* but trust unto it, I never, since I knew what religion meant (I thank God) was of other mind than now you shall hear that I die in; although (I cry God mercy) I have not given fruits and testimony of my faith, as I ought to have done; the which is the thing that I do now chiefest repent.

"When I am gone, forget my condemning, and forgive, I charge you, my false accusers, as I protest to God I do; but have nothing to do with them if they live. Surely, Bannister dealt no way but honestly and truly. Hickford did not hurt me, in my conscience, willingly; nor did not charge me with any great matter that was of weight otherways than truly. But the Bishop of Ross, and specially Barber, did falsely accuse me, and laid their own treasons upon my back. God forgive them, and I do, and once again I will you to do; bear no malice in your mind. And now, dear Philip, farewell. Read this my letter sometimes over; it may chance make you remember yourself the better; and by the same, when your father is dead and rotten, you may see what counsel I would give you if I were alive. If you follow these admonitions, there is no doubt but God will bless you; and I, your earthly father, do give you God's blessing and mine, with my humble prayers to Almighty God that it will please Him to bless you and your good Nan; that you may both, if it be His will, see your children's children, to the comfort of you both; and afterwards that you may be partakers of the heavenly kingdom. Amen, amen. Written by the hand of your loving father.

T. H."

"And to Tom his grace did write:

"Tom, out of this that I have written to your brother, you may learn such lessons as are fit for you. That I write to one, that I write to all, except it be somewhat which particularly touches any of you. To fear and serve God is generally to you all; and, on my blessing, take greatest care thereof, for it is the foundation of all

* There would seem to be no doubt that the Duke of Norfolk was a sincere Protestant. The strenuous advice to his children to beware of Popery affords evidence of it. Greatly, however, as it would have tended to their worldly prosperity, to have followed their father's last injunctions in this respect, all but one of those he thus counselled were subsequently reconciled to the Catholic Church.

The Duke's letters in this chapter are all authentic. See the Rev. M. Tierney's History of Arundel, and the Appendix to Nott's edition of Lord Surrey's poems.

goodness. You have, even from your infancy, been given to be stubborn. Beware of that vice, Tom, and bridle nature with wisdom. Though you be her majesty's ward, yet, if you use yourself well to my Lord Burleigh, he will, I hope, help you to buy your own wardship. Follow your elder brother's advice, who, I hope, will take such a course as may be to all your comforts. God send him grace so to do, and to you too! I give you God's blessing and mine, and I hope He will prosper you."

"And to Will he saith (whom methinks his heart did incline to, as Jacob's did to Benjamin):

"Will, though you be now young, yet I hope, if it shall please God to send you life, that you will then consider of the precepts heretofore written to your brethren. I have committed the charge of your bringing-up to your elder brother; and therefore I charge you to be obedient to him, as you would have been to me if I had been living. If you shall have a liking to my daughter-in-law, Bess Dacres, I hope you shall have it in your own choice to marry her. I will not advise you otherways than yourself, when you are of fit years, shall think good; but this assure yourself, it will be a good augmentation to your small living, considering how chargeable the world groweth to be. As you are youngest, so the more you ought to be obedient to your elders. God send you a good younger brother's fortune in this world, and His grace, that you may ever be His, both in this world and the world to come."

"To me, his unworthy daughter, were these lines written, which I be ashamed to transcribe, but that his goodness doth appear in his good opinion of me rather than my so poor merits:

"Well-beloved Nan, that hath been as dear to me as if you had been my own daughter, although, considering this ill hap that has now chanced, you might have had a greater marriage than now your husband shall be; yet I hope that you will remember that, when you were married, the case was far otherways; and therefore I hope your dutiful dealings shall be so to your husband, and your sisterly love to your brothers-in-law and sister-in-law, as my friends that shall see it may think that my great affection to you was well bestowed. Thanks be to God, you have hitherto taken a good course; whereby all that wish you well take great hope rather of your going forward therein, than backwards—which God forbid! I will request no more at your hands, now that I am gone, in recompense of my former love to you, but that you will observe my three lessons: to fear and serve God, flying idleness; to love faithfully your hus-

band, and to be kind to your brothers and sisters—specially committing to your care mine only daughter Megg, hoping that you will not be a sister-in-law to her, but rather a natural sister, yea even a very mother; and that, as I took care for the well-bestowing of you, so you will take care for the well-bestowing of her, and be a continual caller on your husband for the same. If this mishap had not chanced, you and your husband might have been awhile still young, and I would, by God's help, have supplied your wants. But now the case is changed, and you must, at your years of fifteen, attain to the consideration and discretion of twenty; or else, if God send you to live in your age, you shall have cause to repent your folly in youth, besides the endangering the casting away of those who do wholly depend upon your two well-doings. I do not mistrust that you will be mindful of my last requests; and so doing, God bless you, and send you to be old parents to virtuous children, which is likeliest to be if you give them good example. Farewell! for this is the last that you shall ever receive from your loving father. Farewell, my dear Nan!"

"And to his own sweet Megg he subjoined in the same letter these words:

"Megg, I have, as you see, committed you to your loving sister. I charge you therefore, upon my blessing, that you obey her in all things, as you would do me or your own mother, if we were living; and then I doubt not but by her good means you shall be in fit time bestowed to your own comfort and contentment. Be good: no babbler, and ever be busied and doing of somewhat; and give your mind to reading in the Bible and such other good books, whereby you may learn to fear God; and so you shall prove, by His help, hereafter the better wife, and a virtuous woman in all other respects. If you follow these my lessons, then God's blessing and mine I give you, and pray that you may both live and die His servant. Amen."

When I read these letters, and my Lady Surrey's comments upon them, what pangs seized my heart! Her messenger was awaiting an answer, which he said must be brief, for he had to ride to Bermondsey with a message for my Lord Sussex, and had been long delayed in the City. I seized a pen, and hastily wrote:

"Oh, my dear and honoured lady, what grief, what pain, your letter hath caused me! Forgive me if, having but brief time in which to write a few lines by your messenger, I dwell not on the sorrow which doth oppress you, nor on the many excellences apparent in those farewell letters,—which give token of so great virtue

and wisdom in the writer, that one should be prompted to exclaim he did lack but one thing to be perfect, that being a true faith,—but rather direct my answer to that passage in yours which doth work in me such regret, yea such anguish of heart, as my poor words can ill express. For verily there can be no greater danger to a soul than to be lured from the profession of a true Catholic faith, once firmly received and yet inwardly held, by deceptive arguments, whereby it doth conceal its own weakness under the garb of respect for the dead and duty to the living. For, I pray you, mine own dear lady, what respect and what duty is owing to men, which be not rather due to Him who reads the heart, and will ask a strict account of such as, having known His will, yet have not done it? Believe me, 'tis a perilous thing to do evil that good may come. Is it possible you should resolve never to profess that religion which, in your conscience, you do believe to be true, nor to move your lord thereunto, for any human respect, however dear and sacred? I hope other feelings may return, and God's hand will support, uphold, and never fail you in your need. I beseech Him to guard and keep you in the right way.

“Your humble servant and truly loving poor friend,

“CONSTANCE SHERWOOD.”

Alphonse Karr and his Wasps.

SOME of our readers will probably have noticed the intimation contained in the public journals, that, at the late Fête of St. Eugénie, her majesty the Empress of the French received from Nice an offering from M. Alphonse Karr, consisting of a bouquet of flowers of exceeding rarity and loveliness. M. Karr only appears before the public now in the way of an occasional volume of romance or anecdote, and at the present moment peacefully cultivates his vines and roses at Nice; but time was when his weekly issue of the brilliant, witty, and pugnacious papers known as *Les Guêpes* (the Wasps) made him one of the best-known and most popular of French writers. M. Karr was in his youth somewhat of a "Bohemian," at least he possessed many of the essential characteristics of the race. He was often in trouble with the authorities (we find him early reported of by the college masters as "very intelligent and exceedingly turbulent"); he quarrelled with his father M. Henri Karr, and quitted the paternal roof at the age of twenty to commence life and literature on his own account, with a slender supply of money and an abundant store of self-assurance. His first effort was a long poem, which of course met with no publisher. He then wrote several novels and romances; these had a very sufficient success, and enlarged his income in a very encouraging manner. No sooner did he find himself in the possession of a little ready cash than he began to develop those vagaries of personal vanity so common in young men who desire to take a short cut to fame, and to attain the notoriety which the French call *célébrité*. According to M. de Mirecourt, he did at one time live, sleep, write, and eat on an Indian mat; but a severe attack of rheumatism compelled him to forego this fashion. Afterwards he attired himself in a scarlet gown, yellow slippers, and decorated his head with a turban and peacock's feathers. When his publishers, whom he received dressed in this costume, ceased to be sufficiently impressed thereby, he hung his apartment entirely with black, decorated it with old bones, skulls, stuffed ravens and owls, and slept full-dressed in a coffin hung with black and supported with trestles, two wax-candles constantly burning at the head. Before long he sold all these things, and dressed himself as a Turk; then as a Chinese mandarin (the room being appropriately orna-

mented); as a groom, an *ouvrier*, an old-clothes-man, a fisherman, a yachtsman. At one time his personal attendant was a gigantic negro; at another time he chose to keep in his house a small hyæna. Had he confined this animal in a cage, it would have excited no remark; but as it was his whim to suffer the little beast to patrol about the room like a dog, neither printer or devil could be found bold enough to carry M. Karr his proofs, or abide within his precincts until such time as he might correct and deliver copy. This eventually caused him to part with his engaging pet; and it was then, we believe, that he procured the negro before alluded to. In 1835 he became the editor of *Figaro*, and likewise married a wife. The first he could manage, the second he could not; and after a good deal of squabbling, to which he alluded rather freely in some of his writings, they agreed to live apart on the ground of incompatibility of temper. These eccentricities disappeared as time mellowed the talents and disposition of the man; and he began to be better known by his work than by his vagaries. He was especially distinguished by that light, brilliant, epigrammatic style of *causerie* which the French literally adore, and in which they so largely excel all other nations. He was never malicious, spiteful, or unjust, nor was he really arrogant, though he has never lost that singular fashion of attitudinising to his readers, which has been happily termed *la funeste manie de se poser*; but his heart was excellent, for no charitable contribution was called for which he did not generously assist both with his pen and his purse. In dynastic tendencies M. Karr appears to favour the Orleanists, and to be a constitutionalist, though of a vague and transcendental kind. It was in 1839 that he began to publish *Les Guêpes*, which met with an immense and very marked success. They consisted of a series of sparkling and sarcastic commentaries on politics, men, and manners, and were issued at first at irregular intervals, afterwards weekly as *Les Guêpes hebdomadaires*. Each chapter was adorned by a woodcut of a wasp; and by a pleasant fiction he assumed that what he wrote were communications from a number of these stinging little insects, who were his friends and comrades. He assigned to each of them different attributes and dispositions, and called them by significant and characteristic names, as *Grimalkin*, *Astarte*, *Moloch*, *Mammone*. They flew about Paris, and occasionally made lengthened excursions into the provinces; penetrated into every state-council, however secret; were present at every assembly; hummed in every household; overheard every scrap of gossip, and revealed all to their master, who sometimes rewarded them by a morsel of sugar or honeycomb, and sometimes punished them by tying their wings together, or confining them to their nest.

These little creatures stung so sharply that more than once M. Karr was summoned to justify himself. While he was in Nice the Piedmontese government (which was then, as now, nominally liberal, but really very repressive) did forbid the issue, and fined the author; but the French authorities at Aix reversed the decision, and from that time the Wasps, encouraged by their triumph, became more than ever the grief and vexation of the government at Turin, which, however, did not dare further to molest them. For ten years, that is to say from 1839 to the conclusion of the eventful and stormy year of 1848, Mr. Karr and his little wasps enjoyed a success almost unexampled in the history of journalism. After that period they ceased entirely, the moral atmosphere of revolutions, and of democracy in general, being highly antagonistic to a pungent, discriminating, and liberal criticism. Before we proceed to analyse these articles, or endeavour to convey any adequate idea of their nature and style, it will be well, in order the better to comprehend the allusions they contain, the influence they exercised, and the relation in which they stood with reference to the men and women, and morals and manners of the times, briefly to recall to memory the position of political parties at that period, the conflicting character of the principles professed, and men who professed them, above all, the furious fanaticism and very small amount of political wisdom which went to make up what has been sarcastically styled "the attitude of the people."

The exact state of France from 1830 to 1848 is now variously regarded according to the passions and principles, politics and creeds of those who pronounce on it. The greater portion of that class which, in this country, forms in peaceable times the safe and stolid living bulwark against which the mob thrusts in vain, and in dangerous periods the sturdy and energetic right-arm of the executive, had then sunk into a state of profound apathy. Really, though not outwardly, cowed and daunted, a subtle time-serving disposition and a chronic pusillanimity had taken possession of them. "It is our misfortune and our weakness," says one of France's greatest living statesmen, "that in every great crisis the vanquished become as the dead." Of opposition there was plenty in all ranks and classes. There were the Legitimists ill-content and not wholly despairing, who, without abandoning their allegiance to Henri V.—whom they regarded as their rightful sovereign—might still perhaps have been persuaded (*en attendant* better times) to lend a more frank support to the cadet branch of the Bourbons, had Louis Philippe possessed one of those qualities of chivalry, bravery, or generosity, by virtue of which some of our own monarchs, not possibly the wisest or best,

have yet so attracted love and won hearts, that blood and treasure have been poured out for them like water. There were the Red Republicans, not indeed a large class, but one dangerous from the unscrupulous fanaticism which animated its members. There were the Socialists, the Saint-Simonians, the followers of Proudhon and of Fourier, all without any burden of responsibility to steady them, or any prospect of succeeding to the place of those men whom they reviled, yet having a liberty to bewail, taunt, censure, ridicule, denounce, and proscribe, of which they freely availed themselves. There was the Press, of which we need only say that it was perfectly unmanageable and almost uniformly hostile to government and the cause of order, neither were its extravagant requirements and demands at all checked by that spirit of fair-play and dogged common sense with which the English are wont to peruse professional diatribes. Lastly, there were divisions even among those who held the reins, as well as among their nominal supporters; and the fact of these discussions was well known to the clubs and secret societies with which Paris swarmed. The Constitutionals held opinions of various shades and colours, from those who were sincerely devoted to the reigning family, or to the constitutional principle, down to the men who accorded to the executive (only as being the one possible resource against anarchy) a nominally independent but really wavering and untrustworthy support. Each man had his particular panacea for the evils under which the country groaned. Individually they did not lack patriotism; but in genuine courage, in discipline, and in self-abnegation, the chiefs of the party found their followers greatly deficient. That which was, according to Andreas, true of woman-kind, was pre-eminently true of them. *They could not be drilled.* It is almost impossible, when we examine the historical pictures at Versailles, and there thoughtfully scrutinise the physiognomies of the diplomates and senators, the councillors, politicians, and officials who surround Louis Philippe, not to be struck by the commonplace expression which, with one or two eminent exceptions, uniformly pervades them.

It was, then, in 1839, when the strong ministry and decided majority necessary to carry on the government seemed nearly unattainable, when the groundswell of the revolution was still sullen and heavy, and every disrespect that could be imagined was patiently submitted to by the King, that *Les Guêpes* commenced their existence. The tour of the Duke and Duchess of Orleans in the provinces, and the contrast between the accounts furnished by the ministerial and independent journals (both equally venal) respectively, afforded M. Karr a fair opportunity for sarcasm.

At Bourdeaux, according to the first-named, the National Guard paraded, young girls dressed in white presented flowers to the duchess, the mayor made a speech, the duke replied; the enthusiasm was at the highest point.

At Libourne it was quite a change. The National Guard paraded, young girls dressed in white presented flowers, the mayor, by a curious coincidence, made a speech, the duke replied; but the enthusiasm exhibited much exceeded that at Bourdeaux.

But it was especially at Limoux that their royal highnesses achieved a triumph. The fête was unique; for the National Guard paraded, young girls attired in pure white offered flowers to the duchess, the mayor made a speech to the duke, and the latter replied; the enthusiasm greatly exceeded that displayed at Libourne. These reports, equally stereotyped and monotonous, continued for many days to fill the columns of the ministerial papers. According to M. Karr, they might have varied their tale with advantage to truth had they confessed that at Libourne their highnesses were nearly devoured alive by myriads of unmentionable insects; that in a neighbouring town they were half suffocated by the odour of new wood and furniture; that in other places, when, exhausted by fatigue, these unfortunate personages had begun to sleep comfortably, their slumbers were invariably broken up by a serenade consisting of the music of French drums and other delightful instruments.

Meanwhile the independent journals groaned in spirit; they also gave daily reports of the royal progress, and cried out loudly against the prodigality of the municipal powers, whom they accused of *drinking the sweat of the people*. They observed that the prince drank iced-wine, and that ice was very dear that year; they raved at one mayor who offered to his royal guest Tokay wine, adding that new Bourdeaux wine would have been more patriotic and less expensive liquor; in short, they adopted the style of the excellent M. Cauchois Lemaire, who *à propos* of the fêtes for the inauguration of the museum at Versailles, exclaimed in a fit of virtuous economy, "As for myself, *I shall go, and in some humble restaurant will drink wine at twelve sous which will not be mixed with the sweat of the people.*" Again that odoriferous metaphor, and respecting a people with whom tubs are *not* an institution.

Intelligence was circulated that every morning a carriage, emblazoned with the arms of the King, patrolled the market of St. Joseph, and hawked for sale the vegetables from the royal gardens. "Costermongers are the kings of France, so the King has become a costermonger; it is all *en règle*," was the witty reply. M. Karr remarks that in this manner the prophecies of the celebrated wizard

and clairvoyant Albert would be fulfilled, that kings have and will espouse simple shepherdesses; it remains to be seen, he adds, how much longer there will be found shepherdesses simple enough to espouse kings. The throne is turned into a footstool; and if any one could set the whole of France on fire, the King was so eminently constitutional that he would say, "I do not meddle in the government; announce the fact to the Chamber of Deputies." By way of a further reform in the progress of thrift, an idea, emanating from the Queen of Spain, was ventilated. From motives of laudable economy, her Spanish majesty had developed the theory of creating abstract or metaphysical titles, and had raised Espartero to dignity as Duke of Victory. It was whispered that one officer was to be named Count of Sobriety; and Muroto, just convicted of disloyalty, was to be distinguished as Marquis of High Treason.

According to M. Karr, those people who believe, or affect to believe, that the French are naturally independent and opposed to all authority, make an enormous mistake. The Frenchman is vain, and loves to brave and tyrannise over authority, but not to overthrow it; for, in that case, "who the diable would there be left to mock at?" A large part of the famous love which the French have for their kings arises from the pleasure they have always found, and always will find, in making songs upon them. It was for Louis Philippe that they parodied a certain memorable expression, once used by a former Duke of Orleans, when called to the throne as Louis XII. This prince was reminded of some injuries of which he had to complain before his accession, and magnanimously observed: "The King of France does not avenge the wrongs of the Duke of Orleans;" whereas Louis Philippe is made to observe, "The King of France does not pay the debts of the Duke of Orleans."

One of the most ubiquitous of the gossiping little wasps brought home to his master intelligence of a sufficiently absurd incident. A tall, powerful, and well-built young man presented himself before the Commissioner for the revision of the National Guard.

"You desire," said the Commissioner to him, "to be exempted from serving?"

"I do, Monsieur."

"For what reason?"

"Monsieur, I am afflicted with a very serious infirmity."

"Retire into my private room, if you please."

"But, Monsieur—"

"Go at once, Monsieur."

Our friend retired as commanded into the Commissioner's private room, where he was immediately stripped from head to foot. He

shortly re-appeared before the Commissioner, attired in the costume of Adam before the Fall.

"Now," said the official, triumphantly, "be good enough to explain to me what is the nature of your grave infirmity."

"Monsieur, it is that I am extremely short-sighted!"

M. Karr gives a *résumé* of the two schools of philanthropy then in fashion, and it is a rather true but very sarcastic one. The philanthropists of the French school believe that a criminal is already sufficiently unfortunate in being criminal, without aggravating his chagrins by excessive punishments. The logical result of this mode of thinking, therefore, is that the convict is in all cases to be well-clothed, well-fed, and well-warmed. The virtuous man is clothed in his virtue, and can always refresh himself with the retrospect of his good deeds; but for the poor felon philanthropy ordains that he should have wax-candles, books, music, theatrical amusements—in a word, all the distractions that man's nature requires. It loves its criminal; it selects, it fattens, and consoles him, sometimes only too successfully. Results: people whose affairs are not prosperous, and workmen out of employ, hasten to kill their wives or poison their brothers, in order that they may enjoy themselves in prison. As for the convicts, they take leave of their cells with tears in their eyes; they have to be turned out of prison by main force. The man who is easily conducted thither, in the first instance, by two gendarmes, requires the services of half-a-dozen to compel him to walk out. He loses no time in qualifying himself for a speedy return, and generally commits an offence grave enough to insure him a few years of good fare and well-selected instruction and amusement.

The philanthropists of the American school first place their prisoner in solitary confinement, and then proceed to invent terrors and tortures for him. After having deprived him of all society except the four corners of his cell, they came to a resolution that these four corners were too amusing. They therefore suppressed the corners, and from that date used circular-shaped cells.

In January 1840 the humiliated condition of royalty again excites the indignant hum of the wasps. The Senate has opened, M. Karr observes, with a sort of pleasurable surprise, "without the usual attempts to assassinate the king, which is now a part of that ceremonial." The queen was very pale until the king had made his entry. "Alas, poor woman, less uneasy when her son is surrounded by Arabs than when her husband is encircled by Frenchmen." One of the deputies, who came in a cab, was greatly irritated by the tedious slowness with which the long file of carriages

set down their respective occupants. He opened the door, opened the window, hailed the driver, and at length called indignantly to a gendarme, "Garde, you will permit *my* carriage to leave the line; let me pass; I have no time to waste here; I'm the deputy for —; I'm going to take my place in *our* palace." In this word lies the entire secret of representative government—is the comment on this vulgar arrogance.

About this time the noisy politicians of the day adopted a new slang, and instead of speaking of such a ministry or such a party, or such an *émeute*, they alluded to them under the form of dates. Thus the party of resistance, of which Casimir Périer was the representative, was the 13th of March; the Spanish intervention was the 22d of February. Ordinary readers of the journals were utterly at sea, and those who possessed the best memories contented themselves with confounding one date with another. The ministry of the moment was particularly unfortunate, as its anniversary, the 12th of May, was also that of an insurrection. M. Karr either quotes or parodies one of the newspapers as follows:

"If the 12th of May, which brought on the 6th of June, had remembered that the 11th of August succeeded the 2d of November; if the doctrines of the 13th of March and the 10th of October had not blinded his eyes as to the necessity of a reaction similar to that of the 27th of October following the 4th of February, he would not so quickly have broken with the 6th of September and the 22d of February."

And again: "In vain the 12th of May seeks a support in the 11th of October; it will fall, like the 15th of April under the 22d of February and 6th of September; after which we shall see renewed the 4th of November and 9th of August."

It is curious and instructive to observe that, according to a Frenchman of no mean intelligence and more than ordinary quickness of perception, the three things which in his country render a representative government impossible, are the innate inconstancy, vanity, and ignorance of the people; so that thirteen different forms of government have been tried and done away with within thirty-eight years. The Wasps no longer continue to hum for the amusement of the Parisians, or they might have reported to their master three additional—the Republic, the Presidentship, and the Coup d'Etat, which brought on the empire and despotism. According to M. Karr, the government at that period was utterly barbarian in its character and tendencies; and his Wasps report to him truly enough that M. de Corenin examines the king's washing-books, and pub-

lishes brochures in which he accuses his majesty of using too many pairs of boots; that the prince royal is not permitted to decline a ball to which M. Dupin invited him; that M^{me}. Barthe spread her washed-out baby-linen on the balustrades of the Place Vendôme to dry; that a certain deputy refused to put on clean clothes when he was to be presented to the king, demanding angrily "whether they supposed him to be an aristocrat?"

This M. Dupin is said to have thus addressed the prince royal on the occasion of his marriage: "The princess whom your heart has chosen shall be well received among us; and our manners, so different from the pride of the ancient court, will soon become familiar and agreeable to her." Poor princess!

Curious systems of religion greatly multiplied themselves at this epoch. As a proof of the amazing tolerance with which all sorts of insanity were endured, the following enumeration was made:

There was near to the throne a Protestant princess.

Among the deputies at least one Jew.

A certain Abbé Châtel had been consecrated by a grocer, and preached a worship of his own invention, sometimes in a loft, sometimes in a neighbouring dancing saloon.

A corn-doctor publicly professed Johannism.

Knights-templars assembled twice a week—nature of worship unspecified.

The pupils of Fourier had their public worship.

As the Saint-Simonians had theirs.

At a discussion on the existence of a Supreme Being, the question was carried in the affirmative only by a majority of one. M. Karr wonders what fetishes they have in reserve. "Worship yourselves, gentlemen barbarians," he exclaims; "no one will hinder you; and so you will save the expenses of religion, and suppress the crime of sacrilege."

A journal, entitled *La Démocratie*, was advertised to appear on the 15th of February, but failed to do so. M. Karr declared, however, that his Wasps had managed to procure for him a specimen-sheet of the first number, from which he favoured his readers with extracts, as legal, political, and social news of the future.

No cabman is obliged to take a fare for less than one louis per hour.

Some gentlemen have dug up the principal walk of the Tuileries gardens, and have planted it with potatoes.

A few judges have betaken themselves to the tribunals, but the gendarmes are drinking with the prisoners.

Every one may coin money bearing his or her own effigy.

There are no more laws, consequently no more crimes and no more prisons.

There are no more postage-stamps required, since the post no longer undertakes to deliver letters. *La Démocratie* requests that its subscribers in the departments will send each morning to the office, Rue Grammont 7, for their copies.

Monsieur and Madame —— have appropriated the telegraphic wires, by which means they only can correspond privately and with despatch.

The trees of the Tuileries gardens will be sold for fuel, as the winter promises to be severe.

The Abbé Auzon has proclaimed that the Supreme Being is superseded.

The Abbé Hugo has proclaimed the same fact concerning the Abbé Auzon.

And this is the sarcastic prophecy of a Frenchman concerning his countrymen in the year of grace 1840! How nearly it was literally fulfilled is well known to those intimate with the events of 1848.

Two more anecdotes of the fashions of that day, and we conclude our remarks for the present:

It had become a habit for women in society to wear fastened to their shawl, collar, or necklace, portraits made into brooches or locketts, of a size so enormous as to be almost incredible. They were in general representations of members of their own family, living or dead. And sometimes more than one was worn. M. Karr finds this practice inconvenient and objectionable. Inconvenient because to exhibit their immediate ancestors in full dress, perhaps as costermongers or cooks, would often be an embarrassing task for the aristocracy of the new state of things; and objectionable, in that to carry about her so conspicuously so many portraits of the dead gave to a woman the appearance of being a living catalogue. M. Karr was paying a call one morning, and while waiting for the entrance of the lady (whose toilette was in course of progress) he had the gratification of hearing the *femme de chambre* demand of her mistress, "Will madame be pleased to say which she will wear to-day, her grandfather or her little dog?"

The old custom of embalming the dead was another freak of the day; every one was arranging to embalm their dead relatives or friends; and a certain M. Gannal, who was an artist in this business, practised his profession with such an advertised list of charges as made embalming "no longer an expensive luxury."

One evening, at a large dinner-party, given by a gentleman

whom we will call M. L——, all the world was discoursing on the excellence of the practice, the consolation to be found in it, and the excessively moderate prices which M. Gannal asked for performing the operation. After listening attentively for some time, Mdle. L. exclaimed aloud, in a tone of profound conviction, "Ma foi, I will certainly have papa embalmed!"

R.

Eugenie and Maurice de Guérin.

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THE life of Eugenie de Guérin forms a great contrast with those which are generally brought before the notice of the world. Not only did she not seek for fame, but the circumstances of her life were the very ones which generally tend to keep a woman in obscurity. Her life was passed in the deepest retirement of a country home. The society even of a provincial town was not within her reach. Poverty placed a bar between her and the means for study in congenial society. The routine of her life shut her out from great deeds or unusual achievements. In fact, her life, so far from being a deviation from the ordinary track which women have to tread, was a very type of the existence which seems to be marked out for the majority of women, and at which they are so often wont to murmur. The want of an aim in life, the necessity of some fixed engrossing occupation, and the *ennui* which follows on the deprivation of these, forms the staple trial of thousands of women, especially in England, where there is much intellectual vigour with so little power for its exercise. That the reaction from this deprivation is shown by "fastness," or an excessive love of dress and amusement, is acknowledged by the most keen observers of human nature. But to the large class of women who, disdaining such means of distraction, bear their burden patiently, Eugenie de Guérin's "Journal et Lettres" possess an intense interest. Her life was so uneventful that it absolutely affords no materials for a biography, but her character is so full of interest that her name is now a familiar one in England and France.

Far away in the heart of sunny Languedoc stands the chateau of Le Cayla, the home of the De Guérins. They were of noble blood. The old chateau was full of reminiscences of the deeds of their ancestors. De Guérin, Bishop of Senlis and Chancellor of France, had gone forth, with a valour scarcely befitting his episcopal character, to animate the troops at the battle of Bouvines; and from the walls of Le Cayla looked down from his portrait De Guérin, Grand Master of the Knights of Malta in 1206. A cardinal, a troubadour, and countless gallant and noble soldiers filled up the family rolls, the best blood in France had mingled with theirs; but now the family were obscure, forgotten, and poor. But these

circumstances were no hindrances to the happiness of Eugenie's early life.

"My childhood passed away like one long summer-day," said she afterwards. Thirteen happy years fled by. There was the father, cherished with tender self-forgetting love; the brother Eranbert; the sister Marie, the youngest pet of the household; the beautiful and precocious Maurice; and the mother, the centre of all, loving and beloved. But a shadow suddenly fell on the sunny landscape, and Madame de Guérin lay on her deathbed, when calling to her Eugenie, her eldest child, she gave to her especial charge Maurice, then aged seven and his mother's darling; the dying lips bade Eugenie fill a mother's place to him, and the sensitive and enthusiastic girl received the words into her heart and never forgot them.

From that day her childhood, almost her youth, ended; and it is without exaggeration we may say that the depth of maternal love passed into her heart. Henceforth Maurice was the one object and the absorbing thought of her heart, second only to one other, and that no love of earth; sometimes, indeed, that passionate devotion to Maurice disputed the sway of the true Master, as we shall hereafter see, but it was never ultimately victorious. It was not likely that their lives should for long run side by side. The extraordinary brilliancy of Maurice's gifts made his father determine upon cultivating his mind. As soon as possible he was sent first to the *petit séminaire* at Toulouse, and then to the college Stanislaus at Paris.

Maurice de Guérin was a singularly endowed being. He possessed that kind of personal beauty so very rare among men, and which is so hard to describe,—a spiritual beauty, which insensibly draws the hearts of others to its possessor; added to this he had that sweetness of tone and manner, that instinctive power of sympathy, that sparkling brilliance which made him idolised by those who knew him, which rendered him literally the darling of his friends. "*Il était leur vie*," said those who spoke of him after he was gone from earth.

The early and ardent aspirations of this gifted being were turned heavenwards. His youthful head was devoutly bowed in prayer. The country people called him "*le jeune saint*;" and his conduct at the "*petit séminaire*" gave such satisfaction that the Archbishop of Toulouse and also the Archbishop of Rouen offered to take the whole charge of his future education on themselves, but his father refused both. The temptations of a college life had left him scathless, and the longing of his soul was for the consecration of the priesthood. What he might have been had he fallen into other hands cannot now be known. Whether there was an inherent weakness and effeminacy in

the character which would have unfitted him for the awful responsibility of the priestly office we know not. At all events he was attracted, as many minds of undoubted superiority were at that time, by the extraordinary brilliancy and commanding genius of De la Mennais; and Maurice de Guérin found himself in the solitude of La Chesnaie, a fellow student with Hippolyte Lacordaire, Montalembert, Saint-Beuve, and a group of others. Here some years of his life were spent, divided between prayer, study, and brilliant conversation, led and sustained by M. de la Mennais. Maurice, of a shy and diffident disposition, does not seem to have attached himself to Lamennais, although he admired and looked up to him, and although the insidious portion of his teaching was making havoc with his faith.

And now, it may be asked, what of Eugenie? Dwelling in an obscure province, with no other living guide than a simple parish curé, with a natural enthusiastic reverence for genius, and a predilection for all Maurice's friends, was she not dazzled from afar off by this great teacher of men's minds, this earnest reformer of abuses? The instinct of the single in heart was hers. Long ere others had discerned the canker eating away the fruit so fair to look on, Eugenie, with prophetic voice, was warning Maurice. Lacordaire's noble soul was yet ensnared. Madame Swetchine's remonstrances had not yet prevailed; while this young girl in the country, whose name no one knew, was watching and praying for the issue of the deliberations at La Chesnaie.

At length the break-up came—the memorable journey to Rome was over. Submission had been required, and Lacordaire had given it. "Silence is the second power in the world," he had said to Lamennais; and he had withdrawn with him to La Chesnaie for a time of retreat, where he was soon undeceived as to Lamennais's intentions. And these two great men parted; one to reap the fruits of patient obedience in the success of one of the greatest works wrought in his century; to gain a mastery over the men of his age, and to die at last worn out by labours before his time, the beloved child of the Church, whose borders he had enlarged, whose honour he had defended; the other, to follow the course of self-will, and to quench his light in utter darkness.

The students of La Chesnaie went away, and Maurice was thrown on the world with no definite employment. An unsuccessful attachment deepened the natural melancholy of his sensitive nature. He went to Paris, and was soon in the midst of the literary world. He wrote, and obtained fame; he was admired and sought after; but the beautiful faith of his youth faded away like a flower, and the innocent pleasures of his childhood, and the passionate love of his

sister, had no attractions for him compared to the brilliant circles of Parisian society.

And thus was Eugenie's fate marked out. From afar off her heart followed him; and partly for his amusement, partly to relieve the outpourings of her intensely-loving heart, she kept a journal intended for Maurice's eye only. A few letters to Maurice and one or two intimate friends make up the rest of the volume, which was, after her death, most fortunately given to the world. In these pages her character stands revealed, and no long description of her mode of life could have made us more thoroughly acquainted with her than these words, written sometimes in joy, sometimes in sorrow, in weariness and depression, in all weathers, and at all times; for, believing that she pleased her brother, nothing would prevent her from keeping her promise of a daily record of her life and thoughts. Its chief beauty lies, in that she made so much out of so little. "I have just come away very happy from the kitchen, where I stood a long time this evening, to persuade Paul, one of our servants, to go to confession at Christmas. He has promised me, and he is a good boy and will keep his word. Thank God, my evening is not lost. What a happiness it would be if I could thus every day gain a soul for God! Walter Scott has been neglected this evening; but what book could have been worth to me what Paul's promise is? . . . The 20th.—I am so fond of the snow; its perfect whiteness has something celestial about it. To-day I see nothing but road-tracks, and the marks of the feet of little birds. Lightly as they rest, they leave their little traces in a thousand forms upon the snow. It is so pretty to see their little red feet, as if they were drawn with pencils of coral. Winter has its beauties and its enjoyments, and we find them every where when we know how to see them. God spreads grace and beauty every where. . . . I must have another dish to-day, for S. R., who is come to see us. He does not often taste good things; that is why I wish to treat him well; for it is to the desolate that, it seems to me, we should pay attentions. No reading to-day. I have made a cap for a little child, which has taken up all my time. But provided one works, be it with the head or the fingers, it is all the same in the eyes of God, who takes account of every work done in His name. I hope, then, that my cap has been a charity—I have given my time, a little material, and a thousand interesting lines that I could have read. Papa brought me yesterday 'Ivanhoe' and the 'Siècle de Louis XIV.' Here are provisions for some of our long winter-evenings."

Then she had a keen sense of enjoyment, and a wonderful faculty of making the best of things. Thus a simple pleasure, to her was a

source of delight. Here is her description of Christmas-night in Languedoc :

"Dec. 31. I have written nothing for a fortnight. Do not ask me why. There are times when we cannot speak, things of which we can say nothing. Christmas is come; that beautiful fête which I love the most, which brings me as much joy as the shepherds of Bethlehem. Truly our whole soul sings at the coming of the Lord, which is announced to us on all sides by hymns and by the pretty *nadalet*.* Nothing in Paris can give an idea of what Christmas is. You have not even midnight Mass.† We all went to it; papa at our head, on a most charming night. There is no sky more beautiful than that of midnight; it was such that papa kept putting his head out of his cloak to look at it. The earth was white with frost, but we were not cold, and besides, the air around us was warmed by the lighted fagots that our servants carried to light us. It was charming, I assure you, and I wish I could have seen you sliding along with us towards the church on the road bordered with little white shrubs as if they were flowering. The frost makes such pretty flowers. We saw one wreath so pretty that we wanted to make it a bouquet for the Blessed Sacrament, but it melted in our hands; all flowers last so short a time. I very much regretted my bouquet; it was so sad to see it melt drop by drop. I slept at the presbytery; the curé's good sister kept me, and gave me an excellent *réveillon* of hot milk." Then again the grave part of her nature prevails, and she continues :

"These are then my last thoughts; for I shall write nothing more this year; in a few hours it will be over, and we shall have begun a new year. Oh, how quickly time passes! Alas, alas, can I say that I regret it? No, my God, I do not regret time or any thing that it brings; it is not worth while to throw our affections into its stream. But empty useless days, lost for heaven, this causes me regret as I look back on life. Dearest, where shall I be at this day, at this hour, at this minute next year? Will it be here, elsewhere, here below or above? God only knows; I am before the door of the future, resigned to all that can come forth from it. Tomorrow I will pray for your happiness, for papa, Mimi, Eran (her other brother and sister), and all those whom I love. It is the day for presents; I will take mine from heaven. I draw all from thence, for truly there are few things which please me on earth. The longer

* A particular way of ringing the bells during the fifteen days which precede the feast of Christmas, called in patois *nadal*.

† Since the period at which Mdlle. de Guérin wrote, midnight Mass has been resumed in Paris.

I live, the less it pleases me, and I see the years pass by without sorrow, because they are but steps to the other world. Do not think it is any sorrow or trouble which makes me think this. I assure you it is not, but a home-sickness comes over my soul when I think of heaven. The clock strikes; it is the last I shall hear when writing to you."

The following is an account of what she called "a happy day:"—"God be blessed for a day without sorrow. They are rare in this life, and my soul, more than others, is soon troubled. A word, a memory, the sound of a voice, a sad face, nothing, I know not what, often troubles the serenity of my soul—a little sky, darkened by the smallest cloud. This day I received a letter from Gabrielle, the cousin whom I love so for her sweetness and beautiful mind. I was uneasy about her health, which is so delicate, having heard nothing of her for more than a month. I was so pleased to see a letter from her, that I read it before my prayers. I was so eager to read it. To see a letter, and not to open it, is an impossible thing. Another letter was given to me at Cahuzac. It was from Lili, another sweet friend, but quite withdrawn from the world; a pure soul—a soul like snow, from its purity so white that I am confounded when I look at it—a soul made for the eyes of God. I was coming from Cahuzac, very pleased with my letter, when I saw a little boy, weeping as if his heart were broken. He had broken his jug, and thought his father would beat him. I saw that with half a franc I could make him happy, so I took him to a shop where we got another jug. Charles X. could not be happier if he regained his crown. Has it not been a beautiful day?"

Here is another instance of the way she had of beautifying the most simple incidents:—"I must notice, in passing, an excellent supper that we have had, Papa, Mimi, and I, at the corner of the kitchen-fire, with the servants: soup, some boiled-potatoes, and a cake that I made yesterday with the dough from the bread. Our only servants were the dogs Lion, Wolf, and Tritly, who licked up the fragments. All our people were in church for the instruction which is given for confirmation;" and she adds, "it was a charming meal."

The daily devotions of the month of Mary were very recently established when Eugenie wrote; she speaks thus of them: on one first of May, when absent from home, she writes: "On this day, at this moment, my holy Mimi (a pet name for her sister) is on her knees before the little altar for the month of Mary in my room. Dear sister, I join myself to her, and find a chapel here also. They have given me for this purpose a room filled with flowers; in it I

have made a church, and Marie, with her little girls, servants, shepherds, and all the household, assemble together every evening before the Blessed Virgin. They came at first only to look on, for they had never kept the month of Mary before. Some good will result to them of this new devotion, if it is only one idea, a single idea, of their Christian duties, which these people know so little of, and which we can teach them while amusing them. These popular devotions please me so, because they are so attractive in their form, and thereby offer such an easy method of instruction. By their means, salutary truths appear most pleasing, and all hearts are gained in the name of our Lady and of her sweet virtues. I love the month of Mary and the other little devotions which the Church permits; which she blesses; which are born at the feet of the Faith like flowers at the mountain foot."

Speaking of St. Teresa, to whom she had a great devotion, she says: "I am pleased to remember that when I lost my mother, I went, like St. Teresa, to throw myself at the feet of the Blessed Virgin, and begged her to take me for her daughter." At another time she says: "To-day, very early, I went to Vieux to visit the relics of the saints, and, in particular, those of St. Eugénie, my patron. I love pilgrimages, remnants of the ancient faith; but these are not the days for them; in the greater number of people the spirit for them is dead. However, if M. le Curé does not have this procession to Vieux, there will be discontent. Credulity abounds where faith disappears. We have, however, many good souls, worthy to please the saints, like Rose Drouille, who knows how to meditate, who has learnt so much from the Rosary; then Françon de Gaillard and her daughter Jacquette, so recollected in church. This holy escort did not accompany me; I was alone with my good angel and Mimi. Mass heard, my prayers finished, I left with one hope more. I had come to ask something from St. Eugène. The saints are our brothers. If you were all-powerful, would you not give me all that I desired? This is what I was thinking of while invoking St. Eugène, who is also my patron. We have so little in this world, at least let us hope in the other."

Those who are not of the same faith as Eugénie de Guérin have not failed to be attracted by the depth and ardour of her faith and piety. A writer in the *Cornhill Magazine* observes, "the relation to the priest, the practice of confession assume, when she speaks of them, an aspect which is not that under which Exeter Hall knows them."

"In my leisure time I read a work of Leitniz, which delighted me by its catholicity and the pious things which I found in it; like this on Confession:

"I regard a pious, grave, and prudent confessor as a great instrument of God for the salvation of souls; for his counsels serve to direct our affections, to enlighten us about our faults, to make us avoid the occasions of sin, to dissipate our doubts, to raise up our broken spirit; finally, to cure or to mitigate all the maladies of the soul; and if we can never find on earth any thing more excellent than a faithful friend, what happiness is it not to find one who is obliged, by the inviolable law of a divine Sacrament, to keep faith with us and to succour souls?"

"This celestial friend I have in M. Bories, and therefore the news of his departure has deeply affected me. I am sad with a sadness which makes the soul weep. I should not say this to any one else; they would not, perhaps, understand me, and would take it ill. In the world they know not what a confessor is—a man who is a friend of our soul, our most intimate confidant, our physician, our light, our teacher—a friend who binds us to him, and is bound to us; who gives us peace, who opens heaven to us, who speaks to us while we, kneeling, call him, like God, our father; and faith truly makes him God and father. When I am at his feet, I see nothing else in him than Jesus listening to Magdalene, and pardoning much because she has loved much. Confession is but an expansion of repentance in love."

Again she writes: "I have learnt that M. Bories is about to leave us; this good and excellent father of my soul. Oh, how I regret him! What a loss it will be to me to lose this good guide of my conscience, of my heart, my mind, of my whole self, which God had confided to him, and which I had trusted to him with such perfect freedom! I am sad with the sadness which makes the soul weep. My God, in my desert to whom shall I have recourse? Who will sustain me in my spiritual weakness? who will lead me on to great sacrifices? It is in this last, above all, that I regret M. Bories. He knew what God had put into my heart. I needed his strength to follow it. The new curé cannot replace him; he is so young; then he appears so inexperienced, so undecided. It is necessary to be firm to draw a soul from the midst of the world, and to sustain it against the assaults of flesh and blood.

"It is Saturday—the day of pilgrimage to Cahuzac. I will go there; perhaps I shall come back more tranquil. God has always given me some blessing in that chapel, where I have left so many miseries . . . I was not mistaken in thinking that I should come back more tranquil. M. Bories is not going! How happy I am, and how thankful to God for this favour. It is such a great blessing to me to keep this good father, this good guide, this choice of God for my soul, as St. Francis de Sales expresses it.

"Confession is such a blessed thing, such a happiness for the Christian soul; a great good, and always greater in measure when we feel it to be so; and when the heart of the priest, into which we pour our sorrow, resembles that Divine Heart *which has loved us so much*. This is what attaches me to M. Bories; you will understand it."

Nevertheless, when the trial of parting with this beloved friend did come at length, it was borne with gentle submission.

"Our pastor is come to see us. I have not said much to you about him. He is a simple and good man, knowing his duties well, and speaking better of God than of the world, which he knows little of. Therefore he does not shine in conversation. His conversation is ordinary, and those who do not know what the true spirit of a priest is, would think little of him. He does good in the parish, for his gentleness wins souls. He is our father now. I find him young after M. Bories. I miss that strong and powerful teaching which strengthened me; but it is God who has taken it from me. Let us submit and walk like children, without looking at the hand which leads us."

Eugenie's life revolved round that of Maurice. No length of separation could weaken her affection, nor make her interest in his pursuits less engrossing. His letters, so few and so scanty, were treasured up and dwelt upon in many a lonely hour. She suffered with him, wept over his disappointments, and prayed for his return to the faith of his youth with all the earnestness of her soul. With exquisite tact she avoided preaching to him. It was rather by showing him what religion was to her that she strove to lead him back to its practice.

"*Holy Thursday*. I have come back all fragrant from the chapel of Moss, in the church where the Blessed Sacrament is reposing. It is a beautiful day when God wills to rest among the flowers and perfumes of the spring-time. Mimi, Rose, and I made this *reposoir*, aided by M. le Curé. I thought, as we were doing it, of the supper-room, of that chamber well furnished, where Jesus willed to keep the Pasch with His disciples, giving Himself for the Lamb. Oh what a gift! What can one say of the Eucharist? I know nothing to say. We adore; we possess; we live; we love. The soul is without words, and loses itself in an abyss of happiness. I thought of you among these ecstasies, and ardently desired to have you at my side, at the Holy Table, as I had three years ago."

Mademoiselle de Guérin occasionally composed; her brother was very anxious she should publish her productions, but she shrank from the responsibility.

"St. Jean de Damas," she remarks, "was forbidden to write to

any one, and for having composed some verses for a friend he was expelled from the convent. That seemed to me very severe; but one sees the wisdom of it, when, after supplication and much humility, the saint had been forgiven, he was ordered to write and to employ his talents in conquering the enemies of Jesus Christ. He was found strong enough to enter the lists when he had been stripped of pride. He wrote against the iconoclasts. Oh, if many illustrious writers had begun by a lesson of humility, they would not have made so many errors nor so many books. Pride has blinded them, and thus see the fruits which they produce, into how many errors they lead the erring. But this chapter on the science of evil is too wide for me. I should prefer saying, that I have sewn a sheet. A sheet leads me to reflect, it will cover so many people, so many different slumbers—perhaps that of the tomb. Who knows if it will not be my shroud, and if these stitches which I make will not be unpicked by the worms? While I was sewing, papa told me that he had sent, without my knowledge, some of my verses to Bayssac, and I have seen the letter where M. de Bagne speaks of them and says they are very good. A little vanity came to me and fell into my sewing. Now I tell myself the thought of death is good to keep us from sin. It moderates joy, tempers sadness, makes us see that all which passes by us is transitory."

Again she writes: "Dear one, I would that I could see you pray like a good child of God. What would it cost you? Your soul is naturally loving, and prayer is nothing else but love; a love which spreads itself out into the soul as the water flows from the fountain."

* * * * *

"*Ash-Wednesday.* Here I am with ashes on my forehead and serious thoughts in my mind. This 'Remember thou art dust!' is terrible to me. I hear it all day long. I cannot banish the thought of death, particularly in your room, where I no longer find you, where I saw you so ill, where I have sad memories both of your presence and your absence. One thing only is bright—the little medal of Our Lady suspended over the head of your bed. It is still untarnished and in the same place where I put it to be your safeguard. I wish you knew, dearest, the pleasure I have in seeing it—the remembrances, the hopes, the secret thoughts that are connected with that holy image. I shall guard it as a relic; and if ever you return to sleep in that little bed, you shall sleep again near the medal of the Blessed Virgin. Take from me this confidence and love, not to a bit of metal, but to the image of the Mother of God. I should like to know, if in your new room I should see St. Teresa, who used to hang in your other room near the *bénitier* :

'Où toi, nécessaireux

Défaillant, tu prenais l'aumône dans ce creux.'

You will no longer, I fear, seek alms there. Where will you seek them? Who can tell? Is the world in which you live rich enough for all your necessities? Maurice, if I could but make you understand one of these thoughts, to breathe into you what I believe, and what I learn in pious books—those beautiful reflections of the Gospel,—if I could see you a Christian, I would give life and all for that." * * * * *

Maurice's absence was the great trial of Eugenie's life; but there were minor trials also, concerning the little things that make up the sum of our happiness. She suffered intensely and constantly from *ennui*. Her active enterprising mind had not sufficient food to sustain it, and bravely did she fight against this constant depression and weariness.

A duller life than hers could hardly be found; she had literally "nothing to do." She had no society, for she lived at a distance from her friends. Sometimes the curé called, sometimes a priest from a neighbouring parish, and then the monotonous days went on without a single incident. There was no outward sign of the struggle going on. Speaking of her father, she says, "A grave look makes him think there is some trouble, so I conceal the passing clouds from him; it is but right that he should only see and know my calm and serene side. A daughter should be gentle to her father. We ought to be to them something like the angels are to God."

Nor would she distract her thoughts by any means which might injure her soul. "I have scarcely read the author whose work you sent, though I admired him as I do M. Hugo; but these geniuses have blemishes which wound a woman's eye. I detest to meet with what I do not wish to see; and this makes me close so many books. I have had 'Notre Dame de Paris' under my hands a hundred times to-day; and the style, Esméralda, and so many pretty things in it, tempt me and say to me, 'Read—look.' I looked; I turned it over; but the stains here and there stopped me. I read no more, and contented myself with looking at the pictures." At another time, when she is staying at a "deserted house," rather duller than her own, she writes, "The devil tempted me just now in a little room where I found a number of romances. 'Read a word,' he said to me; 'let us see that; look at this; but the titles of the books displeased me. I am no longer tempted now, and will go only to change the books in this room, or rather to throw them into the fire.'"

There was one sovereign remedy for her ills, and she sought for it with fidelity, and reaped her reward.

"This morning I was suffering. Well, at present, I am calm; and this I owe to faith, simply to faith, to an act of faith. I can think of death and eternity without trouble, without alarm. Over a deep of sorrow there floats a divine calm, a serenity, which is the work of God only. In vain have I tried other things at a time like this; nothing human comforts the soul, nothing human upholds it.

'A l'enfant il faut sa mère,
A mon âme il faut mon Dieu.'

At another time of suffering she writes: "God only can console us when the heart is sorrowful, human helps are not enough; they sink beneath it, it is so weighed down by sorrow. The reed must have more than other reeds to lean on."

* * * * *

"To distract my thoughts I have been turning over Lamartine, the dear poet. I love his hymn to the nightingale, and many other of his 'Harmonies;' but they are far from having the effect on me that his 'Meditations' used to have. I was ravished and in ecstasy with them. I was but sixteen, and time changes many things. The great poet no longer makes my heart vibrate; to-day he has not even power to distract my thoughts, I must try something else, for I must not cherish *ennui*, which injures the soul. What can I do? It is not good for me to write, to communicate trouble to others. I will leave pen and ink. I know something better, for I have tried it a hundred times; it is prayer—prayer which calms me when I say to my soul before God, 'Why art thou sad, and wherefore art thou troubled?' I know not what He does in answering me, but it quiets me just like a weeping child when it sees its mother. The Divine compassion and tenderness is truly maternal towards us."

* * * * *

And further on: "Now I have something better to do than write: I will go and pray. Oh, how I love prayer! I would that all the world knew how to pray. I would that children, and the old, the poor, the afflicted, the sick in soul and body,—all who live and suffer,—could know the balm that prayer is. But I know not how to speak of these things. We cannot tell what is ineffable."

She had said once, as we have seen, that she would give life and all to see Maurice once more serving God. She had written to him thus, not carelessly indeed, but as we are too wont to write,—not counting the cost, because we know not what the cost is. She wrote thus, and God took her at her word, and He asked from her not life, as she then meant it, but her life's life. First came the

trial of a temporary estrangement. Her journal suddenly stops; she believed it wearied him; and without a word of reproach, she silenced her eager pen. Maurice, however, declared she was mistaken, and she joyfully resumed her task with words which would evidence, if nothing else were left us, the intense depth of her love for her brother. "I was in the wrong. So much the better; for I had feared it had been your fault." Then Maurice's health, which had always been delicate, began to fail, and her heart was tortured at the thought of him suffering, away from her loving care, unable to send her news of him.

"I have been reading the epistle about the child raised to life by Elias. Oh, if I knew some prophet, some one who would give back life and health, I would go, like the Shunamite, and throw myself at his feet."

And again, most touchingly, she says: "A letter from Felicité, which tells me nothing better about you. When will those who know more write? If they knew how a woman's heart beats, they would have more pity."

Maurice recovered from these attacks, and in the autumn of 1836 married a young and pretty Creole lady. He had not the violent attachment as to the "Louise" of his early youth; but the union seemed a suitable one on both sides. One of Eugenie's brief visits to Paris was made for the purpose of being present at her brother's marriage. It was a romantic scene. It took place in the chapel of the old and quaint *Abbaye aux Bois*. The church was filled with brilliant and admiring friends. The bride and bridegroom, both so beautiful, knelt before the altar; the Père Bugnet, who had known Maurice as a boy, blessed the union. The gay procession passed from the church, and met a funeral cortège! It fell like an omen on Eugenie's heart. Six short months went by, and Eugenie was again summoned to Paris, to Maurice's sick-bed—his dying-bed it indeed was, but his sister's passionate love would not relinquish hope. The physicians, catching at a straw, prescribed native air, and the invalid caught at the proposal with feverish impatience. That eager longing sustained him through the long and terrible journey of twenty days; for the moment he revived, he would be laid in the salon and see the home faces gathered round him. Then he was carried to his room, and soon the end came. At last Eugenie knew that he must go, and all the powers of her soul were gathered into that one prayer, that he might die at peace with God. Calmly she bent over him, and kissed the forehead damp with the dews of death.

"Dearest, M. le Curé is coming, and you will confess. You have no difficulty in speaking to M. le Curé?" "Not at all," he

answered. "You will prepare for confession, then?" He asked for his prayer-book, and had the prayers read to him.

When the priest came, he asked for more time to prepare. At last the curé was summoned.

"Never have I heard a confession better made," said the priest afterwards. As he was leaving the room, Maurice called him back, and made a solemn retraction of the doctrines of M. de Lamennais. Then came the Viaticum and the last anointing. Life ebbed away; he pressed the hand of the curé, who was by him to the last, he kissed his crucifix, and died. Eugenie's prayer was heard. He died, but at home; a wanderer come back; an erring child, once more forgiven, resting on his Father's breast.

And he was gone,— "king of my heart! my other self!" as she had called him;—and Eugenie was left behind. She had loved him too well for her eternal peace, and it was necessary that she should be purified in the crucible of suffering. Very gradually she parted from him; the gates of the tomb closed not on her love; slowly she uprooted the fibres of her nature which had been entwined in his. Her journal did not end, and she wrote still to him—to Maurice in heaven: "Oh, my beloved Maurice! Maurice, art thou far from me? hearest thou me? Sometimes I shed torrents of tears; then the soul is dried up. All my life will be a mourning one; my heart is desolate." Then, reproaching herself, she turns to her only consolation: "Do I not love Thee, my God? only true and Eternal Love! It seems to me that I love Thee as the fearful Peter, but not like John, who rested on Thy Heart,—divine repose which I so need. What do I seek in creatures? To make a pillow of a human breast? Alas, I have seen how death can take that from us. Better to lean, Jesus, on Thy Crown of Thorns.

* * * * *

"This day year we went together to St. Sulpice, to the one-o'clock Mass. To-day I have been to Lentin in the rain, with bitter memories, in solitude. But, my soul, calm thyself with thy God, whom thou hast received to-day in that little church. He is thy Brother, thy Friend, the Well-beloved above all; whom thou canst never see die; who can never fail thee, in this world or the next. Let us console ourselves with this thought, that in God we shall find again all we have lost."

One great desire was, however, left to her; that of publishing the letters and writings of Maurice, and of winning for her beloved one the fame which she so despised for herself. A tribute to his memory appeared the year after his death, in the *Revue des deux Mondes*, from the brilliant pen of Madame Sand; but it was the

source of more pain than pleasure to Eugenie. With the want of candour which is so often a characteristic of the class of writers to whom Madame Sand belongs, she represented Maurice as a man totally without faith. Eugenie believed that he had never actually lost it, although it had been darkened and obscured; and she was certainly far more in his confidence than any of his friends.

For some time before his death he had gradually been returning to religious exercises; and, as we have seen, on his deathbed he had most fully retracted and repented of whatever errors there had been in his life. But Madame Sand was not very likely to trouble herself about the dying moments of her friend, while it was another triumph to infidelity to let the world think this brilliant young man lived and died in its ranks.

"Madame Sand makes Maurice a sceptic, a great poet like Byron, and it afflicts me to see the name of my brother,—a name which was free from these lamentable errors,—thus falsely represented to the world." And again: "Oh, Madame Sand is right when she says that his words are like the diamonds linked together, which make a diadem; or, rather, my Maurice was all one diamond. Blessed be those who estimated his price; blessed be the voice which praises him, which places him so high with so much respect and enthusiasm! But on one point this voice is mistaken, when she says he had no faith. No, faith was not wanting in him. I proclaim it, and attest it by what I have seen and heard, by his prayers, his pious reading, by the sacraments he received, by all his Christian actions, by the death which opened life unto him,—a death with his crucifix."

This article of Madame Sand only increased Eugenie's desire to vindicate her brother by letting the world judge from his own writings and letters what Maurice really was. Many projects were set on foot for publishing this work. Rather than leave it undone, Eugenie would have undertaken it herself, though her broken spirit shrank more than ever from any sort of notoriety or communication with the busy world outside her quiet home. But she would greatly have preferred the task should be accomplished by one of his friends; and much of her correspondence was devoted to the purpose. Time passed, and plan after plan fell to the ground. This last satisfaction was not to be hers. She was to see, as she thought, the name of her beloved one gradually fading away and forgotten as years went on. To the very last drop she was to drain the cup of disappointment and loss. Her journal ceased, and its last sentence was, "Truly did the Saint speak who said, 'Let us throw our hearts into eternity.'"

There are a few fragments and letters which carry us on some years later; and in one of the last of these letters, dated 15th of

June 1845, we find these consoling words: "I have suffered, but God teaches us thus; and by these involuntary detachments He leads us to willingly place our hearts above. You are again in mourning, and I have felt your loss deeply. I mean the death of your poor brother. Alas! what is life but a continual separation? But you will meet in Heaven, and there will be no more mourning nor tears; and there the society of saints will reward us for what we have suffered in the society of men. And while waiting, there is nothing else to do than to humble oneself, as the Apostle says, 'under the mighty hand of God, that He may exalt you in the time of visitation; casting all your care upon Him, for He hath care of you.'"

These are almost her closing words; and thus we see God comforted her. Three years more passed, of which we have no record; and we cannot but deeply regret the determination of M. Trebutien not to give any account of her beyond her own words. As long as they lasted, they are indeed sufficient; but we would fain have followed her into the silence of those last years, and have seen the soul gradually passing to its rest. We would have liked to know if the friends she loved soothed her dying hours—whether M. Bories, with his "strong and powerful words," was by her side in her last earthly struggle. But a veil falls over it all. We feel assured, as we close the volume, that whatever human means were wanting, the God she had faithfully served consoled His child to the last, and sustained her mortal weakness till she reposed in Him. After her death, her heart's wish was fulfilled, and abundant honour has been rendered to Maurice de Guérin. Nay more; for homage is ever given to the majesty of unselfish love; and from henceforth if Maurice the poet shall be forgotten, Maurice the brother of Eugenie will never be. She has embalmed his memory with her deep and fond devotion; and she has left a living record of how, in the midst of a wearisome, an objectless, a monotonous life, a woman may find work to do, and doing it, like Eugenie, with all her might, leave behind her a track of light by which others may follow after her, encouraged and consoled.

F.

Pierre Prebost's Story; or "True to the East."

CHAPTER I.

IN one of my summer rambles through the north of France, I came across a little seaside village which possessed so many charms that it was the greatest difficulty in the world to tear myself away from it.

It was indeed a lovely spot. The village, situated on a noble cliff, was enclosed almost in a semicircle of richly wooded hills, which stretched, as far as the eye could see, into the very heart of noble Normandy.

At your feet the glorious sea came dashing in to a shore, over which great masses of bold rock were liberally scattered, and round which the waves used to play in the summer-time, however little obstacle was afforded to their fury when fierce winds blew up a storm in the cruel winter-time.

But perhaps the most attractive feature of the place to me was a splendid river, within a mile's walk of the village, which was plentifully supplied with fish, and afforded me many and many a day's amusement, and not a little excellent sport.

My time was pretty well my own, and I had made up my mind for a tolerably long spell of idle enjoyment; so, under these circumstances, it may not appear strange that I resolved to take up my quarters at —.

The inhabitants of the place were mostly poor fishermen, who used to ply their trade nearly the whole of the week, and by great good luck frequently got back to their wives and families towards its close.

A very pretty cottage with a bay-window commanding a splendid view of the sea took my fancy immensely, and though it was rather a humble sort of place, I determined if possible to make an impression on its possessors, in order to secure two rooms for my use during my stay. Alphonsine was certainly not the most sweet-tempered woman I have ever met, in fact rather the contrary; at the same time I fully persuaded myself that a great many disagreeables would be counteracted by the possession of my much-coveted bay-window.

Alphonsine evidently ruled the establishment with a rod of iron. She was a tall, thin, ill-favoured-looking woman, who was always prepared for a wrangle, and who looked uncommonly sharp after her

own interests: However, by paying pretty liberally and in advance, I soon won her heart, and flatter myself that it was by excellent generalship on my part that I contrived very soon to be entirely in her good books. Her hard face used sometimes actually to relax into a grim kind of smile in my presence, and I fancied her harsh voice used almost imperceptibly to soften in addressing me. Besides, she was accustomed to bustle about in a rough kind of way in order to get things straight and comfortable, and I really think tried to do her best to make me feel at home. What more could I want than this? And then she had two delightful children, a boy and a girl, with whom I was very soon especially friendly, and who tended to enliven me up a bit whenever I chanced to be at all dull. The boy was about thirteen years old, and his sister, who looked a year or so younger, was indeed a lovely child. She was as fair as a lily, and had that sweet expression of countenance which is so often found among the peasants in Normandy; her eyes were large and exquisitely blue, and with all this she had a decided will of her own. But then she was the daughter of Alphonsine.

It was some little time before I made the acquaintance of the master of the establishment; for he was always busy fishing, and, as I have said before, the fishermen who lived in the village seldom got home before Saturday evening, and had to be off again either on Sunday evening or by daybreak on Monday.

However, Saturday soon came round, and with it Pierre Prévost.

He was about five-and-thirty years old, very dark and singularly handsome. His hair, which was thick, fell about his head in ringlets; he was short, and had most expressive eyes. I was not long in perceiving that he was in every way a great contrast to Alphonsine. His expression was sad, and he seldom or ever smiled; and I noticed he seemed to shrink rather nervously from the piercing look with which he was very frequently favoured by "la belle Alphonsine." His sweet and handsome face soon disposed me favourably towards him, notwithstanding that there were circumstances which occurred on our first acquaintance which would otherwise have tended to prejudice me entirely against him.

I was smoking a pipe and chatting quietly to Alphonsine in the great chimney-corner on the evening I allude to, when all at once the two children came tearing in from school with their books under their arms.

"He is come!" cried they, in their shrill treble voices. "We saw his boat just coming near the shore. He will be on the sand almost in a moment. We may go and meet him, may we not, mother?"

"What's the use?" said she, in rather a more disagreeable tone than usual. "I am sure he would much prefer to come alone. Besides, I want you both. Go into the garden to get me something to make a salad of. Come, now!"

These last two words settled the matter, and the children were soon off, without another word about the expedition to the sea-shore.

"That's strange," thought I to myself; "I wonder if this Pierre can be a bad father, or at any rate a bad husband?"

A few minutes afterwards he came in.

As if to strengthen this bad impression of mine, I noticed that Alphonsine never moved when he entered, and did not attempt to offer her hand or her cheek to him. She did not even welcome him with a smile.

No, she contented herself with taking a slate down from the wall, the pencil belonging to which was already in her hand;

"How much?" said she, coolly.

Pierre Prévost pulled out of his pocket a great leather purse, and detailed, day by day, how much he had made by the sale of his fish. After which he put down the money upon the corner of the table.

All this time the woman was eagerly dotting down the various sums on the slate. Then she gravely added them all up, and determinedly counted out every sou.

By great good luck the figures tallied with the money. Then Alphonsine shut up the money in a drawer, and locked it very securely.

Meanwhile Pierre repocketed his leather purse, which he had just emptied, never attempting to grumble in the least, and going through the task as methodically as possible.

"I was quite wrong in forming so hasty an opinion," thought I to myself, as I witnessed this peculiar scene; "Pierre is not such a bad fellow, after all."

It was not long before the young ones made a second burst into the room, making rather more noise than they did on the first occasion.

They were not long in scrambling on to Pierre's knees, and smothering him with kisses, and it was all done so heartily, with such warmth, and so naturally, that I could not help exclaiming to myself, "Why, he's a capital father, after all!"

But, judge of my astonishment, when I heard their pretty voices call out,

"Oh! we're so glad to see you back again, dear uncle Pierre!"

Then he was their uncle, after all, and he was not married to Alphonsine. But was he her brother, or merely a brother-in-law?

And yet she seemed so entirely to have the upper-hand over him. It certainly was a very remarkable coincidence.

But what surprised me most of all was the fatherly affection that Pierre Prévost seemed to have for the two children.

He took them on his knees, and played with them, and appeared to make so much of them, that I, who was a silent spectator of this little scene, became really quite interested.

This lasted for about five minutes, and then all at once it seemed as if the old pain came over him, for he turned quite sad again, and turned deathly pale, and I could see the tears starting to his eyes. And then he got up, and looking steadily into the young innocent faces of his nephew and niece, said, in an extremely soft voice,

"Go and play on the sand. Go along, my pretty ones!"

The poor children, who seemed quite astonished at the sudden change in his demeanour, hesitated for a moment. However, another beseeching look from their uncle, and an angry word or so from Alphonsine, soon persuaded them what to do; whereupon they set out very slowly for the sea-shore.

"They know perfectly well how little you care for them," said Alphonsine, very bitterly; "and it would be just as well if you would not go out of your way to show it."

Pierre made no answer. He shut his eyes, and put his hand to his heart, as if to express the pain he was suffering.

Then taking a spade from the corner,

"I am going to work in the garden," said he, gently.

And then he went out, looking very sorrowful.

CHAPTER II.

THINGS seemed to be taking quite a dramatic turn, and I made up my mind to try hard and unravel the plot.

I followed Pierre, and having secured myself in a convenient hiding-place, determined to watch.

He walked quietly on, but soon stopped at a little vegetable-garden, quite at the end of the village. At first he pretended to set to work vigorously, but his eyes kept wandering to a little rose-covered cottage within a stone's-throw of the garden. He soon left off working, and leaning listlessly on his spade, he kept his eyes firmly fixed on one of the windows, which was almost covered with the luxuriant growth of roses and honeysuckle.

As the wind played fitfully with the curtain of green which darkened the window, I fancied I recognised the shadow of a woman.

Immovable as a statue, Pierre Prévost remained where he was

and though night drew on, he did not leave his post till the heavens were bright with myriads of stars; and then, swinging his spade over his shoulder, he began to retrace his steps to the village.

But, just before he left the garden, I thought I heard a bitter sigh borne on the wind from the cottage-window.

The next day, when I was coming away from early Mass, I saw Pierre standing in the porch of the church. The two children were clinging to one of his hands, while the other, still wet with holy-water, was gently extended to a young woman who was in the act of passing before him. She was a lovely creature, with golden hair, large expressive blue eyes, and a face like one of Fra Angelico's angels. Although she could not have been less than thirty years old, she appeared to have all the lightness and vivacity of a girl of eighteen.

When their fingers met, an almost imperceptible thrill seemed to affect them both, and as they gazed into one another's faces they both turned deathly pale.

Could it have been the shadow that I recognised through the roses the evening before?

The tide came up very early that evening, and necessitated the departure of all the fishermen before night came on.

Pierre Prévost was one of the first to start, but he went a long way round to get to the sea-shore, and passed before the windows of the rose-covered cottage.

A flower fell at his feet. He picked it up eagerly, and kissing it passionately, thrust it into his bosom and hastened away.

As the evening wore on, and while the little boats were just fading away in the distance, I watched again, and distinctly saw a white handkerchief waving from the window of the pretty cottage.

I was naturally anxious to find out about this little romance, and was continually puzzling my poor brains to discover the truth of the story.

There were hundreds of people I might have asked, and, of course, Alphonsine would have been only too happy to have enlightened me. But I determined, if possible, to hear it all from Pierre's own lips, and accordingly made up my mind to stifle my idle curiosity.

CHAPTER III.

PIERRE and I soon became firm friends, and I persuaded him on one occasion to take me on one of his fishing expeditions.

It was a lovely night, the heavens were ablaze with stars, and

the little boat tossed idly on the waves which scarcely rippled against its keel. Pierre's companions were asleep down in the cabin, waiting for a breeze to spring up before they could throw in their nets. As for myself, I was smoking quietly on deck, having my back against a coil of rope, and revelling in the delicious quiet which reigned around, when Pierre joined me, and, having lighted his pipe, sat down by my side, and spoke, as far as I can remember, as follows :

I believe, Monsieur, you are anxious to know why I am such a sad-looking fellow? Perhaps you will laugh at me, but that can't be helped. I am sure you are sincere, and wish me well, and therefore I have no hesitation in opening my heart to you.

I love Marie! There is hardly any need, perhaps, to tell you that. And yet this love is the foundation of all my sorrow. But I firmly believe that the good God willed that we should love one another, and so I am content. Ever since our earliest childhood we have gone through life hand in hand. When we were little ones we always played together on the sand; and there has hardly been a pang of sorrow or a feeling of joy which has not been felt by both alike. I used to think once that we were one both in body and soul, and there are old folks in the village who have said it over and over again. We made our first communion on the same day, and at the same hour, side by side; and these little matters are bonds of union indeed, and are not easily forgotten. When I first began to seek my bread on the sea, she always offered up a little prayer for me at the cross in the village, and she was ever the first to rush waist-deep into the sea to greet me on my return. And then I used to carry her on my shoulders back again, and kiss off the tears of joy which flowed down her pretty cheeks. Ah! we were happy indeed in those childish days which are passed and gone. Why are we not always children?

And the years that followed were hardly less happy for either of us. In the cold winter-time we were always side by side in the chimney-corner. Spring saw us wandering over the fresh meadows gathering the early violets. We worked together in the harvest-field under the summer sun, and went off nutting when the brown leaves told us of the approaching autumn. And then came the time when we were both old enough to marry. We had neither of us dreamed of such a thing, and could not be persuaded that we were not still children. We were quite happy enough without troubling our heads about marriage.

However, others thought of it for us, and good Father Hermann began to be anxious that we should make up our minds.

But the matter was not so easily settled, and several obstacles soon presented themselves. To begin with, Marie's mother was rich. I was far from it, and an orphan into the bargain. I had been brought up by my brother Victoire—a splendid fellow. It was he who went with Father Hermann to Marie's mother, in order boldly to talk over our marriage, which they were all so anxious about.

"I had always made up my mind that Marie should never marry any one who had not quite as much as herself," replied she, "and that was her dear father's wish. However, I am sure you speak truly when you say that they both love one another very dearly. Let it be as you say."

The old lady had a kind warm heart.

[As he said these last words, Pierre's voice thickened, and I noticed a tear trickling down his honest brown face. But my sailor was a brave fellow, and I had hardly time to shake him warmly by the hand before he had quite mastered his grief, and was able to go on with his story.]

Marie and I were not the only happy ones then, I can assure you. Victoire, my brother, Father Hermann, the whole village in fact, for we were both very popular, rejoiced with us. It was the week before the marriage. Of course I had not gone to sea. Victoire was also very anxious to remain; however, his wife persuaded him to go. Several in the village found fault with her for doing so, on the pretext that working at a festal time was very bad luck; but they had no right to say so. Victoire's children were very young, and had to be provided for; and so Victoire went. In the evening, great black clouds darkened the sky. We were evidently threatened with a dreadful storm. But we were enjoying ourselves too much to think of storms or friends at sea. All at once there was a vivid flash of lightning and then a peal of thunder, which seemed to shake every cottage to its foundation. And then came piercing cries:

"A boat in distress, and threatened with instant destruction!"

It was Victoire's boat!

I was on the shore in an instant. What an awful storm! Never in my whole life had I seen its equal.

All that was in a man's power I did, you may be quite sure. Three times I dashed madly into the waves, only to be thrown back by the fury of the sea. The last time I was all but lost myself. However, I was rescued and brought back to the shore, bruised and insensible. Some thought me dead. Would that I had been, and laid out side by side with that other body stretched lifeless on the rocks!

It was Victoire!

When I came to myself he was near me, quite still, and covered with blood; but with just enough breath left to whisper in my ear:

"Pierre, my boy, be a brother to my wife, a father to my children. God bless you, boy."

"Victoire," answered I, "I swear it."

And then he died without a murmur.

CHAPTER IV.

Of course you will guess, Monsieur, that this awful affair was the means of putting off our marriage. Marie and I neither of us complained, but consoled ourselves with the reflection that all would soon be well. I took up my position in my brother's house, and warmly kissed my brother's children, now mine. Alphonsine tried to show her gratitude as well as she could. And so six months slipped away, and the villagers began talking again about our marriage. I don't know how it was, but I began to feel very nervous and uneasy about the matter, and did not so much as dare broach the subject either to Alphonsine or Marie's mother. In a little time the latter began the subject herself.

"Pierre," said she, "you have adopted your brother's children, have you not?"

"Yes, mother."

"And his wife also?"

"Yes; I must take care of his wife quite as much as her children."

"You have quite made up your mind?"

"Perfectly."

"Am I to understand that you never mean to leave them?"

"I swore I would not to my brother before he died."

Then there was a silence, and my heart beat very quick.

"Listen, Pierre," said the old woman; "don't think that I wish to deprive the widow or the orphans of one morsel of the sustenance you intend to set aside for them. Even if I did, your good heart would hardly listen to me. But you must understand that I know Alphonsine. My daughter can never live with Alphonsine; and Alphonsine can never live with me. Never!"

This last word seemed to open an abyss before my very feet. I too knew Alphonsine. I too began now to understand that either of these arrangements would be perfectly impracticable.

"Mother," I began—

"I don't wish to hinder your marriage," replied the old lady,

very slowly; "I simply impose one condition. You must be quite aware that in this matter my will must be law."

Still I hesitated.

"It will be for you then to decide your own fate," added she; "and my daughter's as well."

I raised my head. Marie was there, and our eyes met. I must break my oath or lose her for ever.

It is absolute torture to recall those fearful moments. My head seemed to swim round, and when I tried to speak, there was something in my throat which nearly choked me. And still Marie looked at me; and oh, how tenderly!

"Pierre," said the old lady again, "you must answer; will you remain alone with Alphonsine, or will you come here alone? Choose for yourself."

I looked at Marie again, and was on the point of exclaiming, "I must come here!" but the words again stuck in my throat, and my tongue refused to speak. And then I began to ease my conscience with the thought that I could still work for Victoire's wife and children, and tried to think that they would be equally happy, although I was not always with them. But then I thought of that dreadful night, and the storm, and the pale face, and the whisper in my ear came back again, and I fancied I heard my brother say, "It was not that you promised me, my brother; it was not that!"

At last the bitter words rose to my mouth, and in a hollow voice I answered:

"I must keep my oath!" And then, like a drunken man, I fell prostrate on the floor.

When I recovered she was near me still, and her sweet voice whispered in my ear,

"Thank God, Pierre, you are an honest man!"

Those words were my only comfort in the long dreary year which followed that fearful day. I was never myself again. I tried to rouse myself up, and take some interest in my daily work, and did my best to appear cheerful and contented at home, but I was not the same man that I used to be. The children were a great comfort to me when I was at home; but the long hopeless days, and the dark dreary nights, were miserable enough, God knows. I seemed to dream away my life.

I thought it best to keep away from Marie, as a meeting would be painful to both. And so we never met.

At last a report got about the village that Marie was going to be married.

I could no longer keep away from her now, and she, too, ap-

peared anxious that we should meet. In a very few days we were once more side by side.

There was no need of me to speak. She read my question in my eyes: of her own accord she answered:

"Yes, Pierre, it is quite true."

"But, Pierre," added she in tears, "I am yours, and must be yours for ever. Unless I can get you to say, Marry Jacques, I will remain single all my life. But my mother begs me to get married; and what can I do? She is very old, and very ill, just now. I feel *I too* have got a duty to fulfil."

I uttered a cry of despair.

"Pierre," said Marie, still weeping, "you must know how dearly I love you. My fate is that I must love you still. But, for all that, Pierre, I cannot let my mother die."

I could not bear to hear her weep; but what comfort could I give? At last the devil entered into my heart, and I broke forth in bitter curses at my fate, and what I chose to call her inconstancy.

"I don't deserve this," said Marie, very softly; "and I hardly expected that I should ever hear these words from your lips. Still, I believe you love me, after all. I hope you will feel, when you think over all that has passed, that I am not heartless, and that I deserve some answer to the question which my lips almost refuse to ask. You will give me an answer, I am sure, by and by."

And then she left me, half-mad as I was, lying coiled up in a heap at the road-side.

During the next few days I did reflect. If I could not marry Marie myself, had I any right to hinder her marriage with another? Was I justified in preparing for her a life of solitude, and in depriving her of a mother's care? And then, again, I began to perceive that no one was at all inclined to take my part in the village. My popularity was fast declining, since no one could look into my heart, or could have the least idea what I had suffered, or knew what had actually taken place. I was pitied, but considered very selfish. I was continually told that Marie's mother was ailing sadly, and that she had deserved better treatment at my hands.

At last Father Hermann comforted me, and benefitting by his good advice, and by the help of our holy religion, I began to be in a better frame of mind.

I made up my mind to give Marie her freedom. But I could not bear to see her again, and so I wrote.

CHAPTER V.

THE marriage between Jacques and Marie was soon arranged, and soon the second festal day came round.

In the morning I put out to sea as usual; but as the evening wore on, I found I was under the influence of a spell, and that it was quite impossible for me to remain where I was. Accordingly I returned; and led on by the spell and attracted like a moth to the candle, wended my way to the rejoicings, in order that I might torture myself for the last time.

I have heard of the agonies of the rack, of the thumb-screw, of saints being boiled in oil and crucified, and many other dreadful horrors; but I very much doubt if any martyr ever suffered the agony that I did that night.

It was in the dusk of the evening, and Marie was just finishing a song, while all were resting from the dances which had followed one another in quick succession. She was just singing the last verse, in which my name was accidentally introduced, when a sailor who was just behind me struck a match in order to light his pipe. The light exposed me to the view of the whole company. Directly Marie saw me, she uttered a piercing cry and fainted away. I rushed towards her, not thinking what I was doing. But Jacques was at her side before me. Instead, however, of showing the least jealousy or putting himself in a passion, he grasped me warmly by the hand, and then looked tenderly at Marie, who now began to revive.

"Never fear, and keep up a good heart," said he, in a strange kind of voice. You would never guess what he did, and perhaps will hardly believe when I tell you.

Ordinarily a very temperate steady man, he astonished the company by giving out that he intended to throw a little life into the fête. On this he ordered wine and cider, and lastly a plentiful supply of brandy.

In a very little time he was helplessly drunk, or at least pretended to be so. As the evening wore on, he got from bad to worse, insulted and quarrelled with the men, and fairly disgusted the women. The village was in an uproar, and there was not a soul who did not speak in strong terms of the disgraceful conduct of Jacques. At the earnest entreaty of the worthy fellow we kept our counsel, and accordingly the new marriage was at once broken off.

The rest of my story you know almost as well as I do myself. You see my life from day to day. You can picture to yourself my sorrow and my unhappy position. You can see how little *she* has changed.

And yet we can never be more to one another than we are now. Never! Never! We are married, and yet we are not. We are separated, alas, here on earth, but we *must* be united in heaven. Think of the years that have passed, and think how happy we might have been, and what a thread there was between our present existence and the life we long to lead. God's will be done!

Poor Pierre here let his head fall into his hands, and wept in silence.

How could I comfort the poor fellow?

It was not the kind of grief that needed consolation, and so I let him weep on.

All at once a breeze sprung up and filled the sails. Pierre immediately roused himself, but soon relapsed into his accustomed calm quiet manner.

Both the other sailors now came on deck, the nets were thrown over, and the business of the night began.

CHAPTER VI.

THREE years afterwards, by the merest accident in the world, I happened to return to my favourite little village. There was evidently some excitement going on, and as I chanced to recognise my old friend Father Hermann, I went up and renewed our acquaintance.

"What is the matter?" said he, "why you do not mean to say you don't know?"

"Not in the least."

"Why your old friend Alphonsine has been dead six months."

"I really don't see why the worthy inhabitants of the village should rejoice at that," said I.

"A great obstacle has been removed," said the Father; "don't you remember?"

"Of course, and what has followed?"

"The marriage of Pierre Prévost and Marie!"

I was not long in accompanying Father Hermann to the cottage in which my old friends were receiving the warm congratulations of their friends and neighbours.

They recognised me at once, and insisted that I should be present at the entertainment which was to follow in the course of the day. Of course I accepted the invitation. I never remember having enjoyed myself so much, and am quite certain that I spoke from my heart when I proposed, in my very best French, the healths of la belle Marie and Pierre Prévost.

C. S.

Saints of the Desert.



No. III.

1. Abbot Antony said: Lord, how is it that some live a short time, others live too long; some are poor, others are rich; and unrighteous men are rich, and righteous men are poor?

A voice came to him: Look to thyself; it is not good for thee to be told the judgments of God.

2. Abbot Arsenius was told, that a certain man was dead, and had left him a large inheritance. He made reply: It is not mine; I died long ago. He has survived me.

3. Abbot Agatho said: Though a passionate man were to raise the dead, that would not give him acceptance with God.

4. Holy Epiphanius said: Sin doth but touch the lips of the just; but it bathes the bodies of the wicked.

5. Abbot Theodore said: Many a man in this day takes to himself repose, before God gives it to him.

6. Abbot Pastor said: Over no one doth the Enemy rejoice so much, as over him who will not manifest his inward self.

7. Once after Mass, there was wine over. One of the old men brought some to Abbot Sisoi.

The Abbot sipped once; and he gave it him again.

He sipped a second time; and he offered it the third time.

But the Abbot put it from him, saying: Keep still, brother; it is the evil one.

J. H. N.

Cardinal Consalvi.

THE anti-Christian spirit which had been lulled for a while in Europe began to show itself with increasing vigour towards the latter half of the eighteenth century. The first signal triumph of impiety achieved at this period was the suppression of the Society of Jesus. The overthrow of religion in the person of its supreme head on earth, the Vicar of Jesus Christ, naturally followed the destruction of a body whose crimes were their devoted attachment to Christian doctrine or the Holy See, their intelligent defence of Church rights, and their wide-spread influence exciting jealousy. Pius VI. suffered for the lamentable weakness of Clement XIV.

During more than twenty years he struggled against all the Catholic powers of Europe, unanimous only in their attacks upon religion. The result for him was spoliation, exile, and finally death in hard captivity.

But the retributive justice of Providence fell on guilty nations. Ancient dynasties were unseated; thrones successively crumbled beneath the iron sceptre of Napoleon. It is remarkable in the history of the last century how Catholic peoples have been convulsed with revolutions, while un-Catholic kingdoms remained comparatively prosperous. France, Spain, Portugal, and Italy paid in blood the price of their unnatural hostility to the Church. Austria, though her throne was unsubverted, suffered bitter humiliation; yet the storm that raged through Europe left England unscathed, and Russia and Prussia soon recovered from foreign invasion.

Strangely also, it was these three latter powers who helped to restore his temporal dominions to the Pope; Catholic princes, astonished, only acquiesced in what they dared not for shame refuse.

Doubtless un-Catholic states were mainly actuated by their wish of keeping down France, and had not themselves the same pretext or interest then which easily possesses governments bordering on a weak sovereignty like that of Rome.

But it is not the less true that the worst evils to religion at this period arose within the pale of the Church nominally.

Catholicity well merited the scourge of anarchy, and calamities are merciful warnings sent by God. Perfectly reckless, incredulity

was triumphant when Pius VI. expired; it seemed to unbelievers that the bark of St. Peter had foundered at last.

Francis II. was Emperor of Germany. Devotedly attached to the memory of his uncle, Joseph II., he had retained those laws known under the name of Josephan, and which completely upset Church discipline. His ministers, among whom M. de Thugut then held the first post, were far *more* irreligious than himself.

Ferdinand IV. reigned over Naples nominally; but he was in truth governed himself by Queen Caroline, daughter of Maria Theresa, and by his crafty minister General Acton. Austria and Naples, with the assistance of England and Russia, had lately wrested from France the remainder of the pontifical territory. Part, it will be remembered, was already held by Austria in virtue of the treaty of Tolentino.

A weak monarch, Charles IV., also occupied the throne of Spain. He likewise was completely under the influence of his wife, Maria Louisa of Parma, and of her unworthy favourite, Manuel Godoy, Prince of Peace. An offensive and defensive alliance had been concluded between France and Spain in 1795, and this latter power continued to follow in the wake of France until Charles abdicated in 1808, and Joseph Bonaparte was named King of Spain.

In France the Directory had been succeeded by the Consulate. George III., Paul I., and Frederick William III. reigned over their respective states of England, Russia, and Prussia.

Such, at a cursory glance, was the aspect of Europe in 1800, when Mgr. Consalvi first held a conspicuous post before the world. Born at Rome on the 8th of June 1757, he belonged to the house of Brunacci, one of the noblest in Pisa; but had received, through his grandfather, the Marquis Gregory Brunacci, together with a good inheritance, the less illustrious name of Consalvi. After having pursued his studies at the colleges of the *Scolopii* in Urbino and Frascati, completing them at the ecclesiastical academy of Rome, he embraced the career of the prelacy. Passing successively through the offices of private chamberlain and *ponente del buon governo*, he then filled several administrative posts, and was at his own request—the only time he ever sought any function—named Auditor of the Rota, in 1792. Mgr. Consalvi chanced to be at Venice when the conclave assembled there for the election of a new Pope, and he was chosen secretary. He had then reached his forty-second year.

Beloved and esteemed in his native city, his reputation had not yet extended much beyond. This nomination became his starting-point. Pius VII. soon made him Secretary of State; and then Consalvi was really in his element. He proved himself a great

statesman, no less than an able administrator; by his care the Papacy recovered temporal dominion, and Rome owed to him not only material prosperity, but great and extensive embellishments. Possessed of an understanding both vigorous and acute, he united to much political sagacity a refined taste for poetry and art. Order, method, and clearness were the qualities of his intelligence; his application was such that he worked unremittingly from fifteen to seventeen hours a day; yet no one better relished Dante and Cimabrosa, no one more appreciated Raphael and Canova. His diplomatic talents were further aided by the most pleasing manner, and a wonderful gift for conversation, that caused him to be surnamed the Siren of Rome. His life had been one of spotless purity; though mixed up with politics and the turmoils of office, though devoid of the consolations and strengthening influences that proceed from the exercise of ecclesiastical ministry, he never forgot the strictest requirements of his priestly calling. God and conscience ever reign supreme with Consalvi; no interest lures him, no blandishment leads him astray. Truth and moral rectitude are his to a wonderful degree, if the troublous times in which he lived are considered, the corrupt examples that abounded, the sympathy he inspired, and the love he gave. Perhaps no quality was more conspicuous in him than his charity. The gentleness with which he speaks of his opponents, political or otherwise, is astonishingly touching; words of blame, when they do come, seem forced from him, and he directly even seeks to extenuate in some measure. Neither misconception, coldness, injury, nor length of time stop him in the attempt to win back hearts he had once esteemed. Seldom does history offer, even among ecclesiastics, such a Christian spirit. The humility with which he speaks of himself in his Memoirs cannot surprise after remarking the above, for the two virtues are always conjoined. He generally puts the Pope forward as the instigator of every great measure, keeping naturally to his own humbler part of executor. Indeed, his affectionate reverence for Pius VII. seems to have rendered this habitual mode of acting and thinking quite spontaneous. Another remarkable feature in Consalvi's character was his extreme tenderness of heart. No woman ever carried it to greater delicacy of feeling. This is one of the points where differences of race and clime most show themselves. Northern natures have undoubtedly deep strong currents of feeling underlying their sterner qualities; but those nurtured beneath sunnier skies own sentiments warm and of exquisite refinement peculiarly their own. Consalvi's grief on losing friends, or faithful domestics become such, is touchingly told by himself in a few brief words; his anguish at the death of his brother recalls David's lament

for Jonathan, or Rachel weeping for her children, so beautifully do feelings of brotherly friendship and almost maternal yearning blend therein.

During fourteen years Consalvi held the first post in the councils of Pius VII., his administration being divided into two periods by an interval of eight years, spent partly in retirement from office and partly in exile. Thus his name is mixed up with all the great events that agitated Europe at the opening of the nineteenth century. The first six years of his ministry passed in struggles for religion with the different Catholic powers; the principal result was the Concordat with France, and some important reforms took place at home. Then followed his retirement from office, through the jealousy of Cardinal Fesch; Rome transformed into a department of France led to Consalvi's exile at Rheims.

In 1814 he again appears upon the public stage, shines at the congress of Vienna, and during eight years achieves all that can be done for Church and State, until the death of Pius VII. consigns him to the repose of private life.

There are three points of view in which Consalvi must be studied: first, as a statesman in his management of foreign affairs; secondly, as an administrator in his internal policy; and thirdly, in his private or individual capacity.

The first office, as has been seen, that called him into foreign notice was that of secretary to the conclave of Venice in 1799. His activity and aptitude for business soon showed themselves. As secretary he was called on to apprise the different European monarchs of the election about to take place. Circumstances rendered it highly desirable to propitiate them; and their dispositions were known to be, for the most part, unfavourable to religion; or at least to the temporal sovereignty.

The Emperor of Austria, though allowing the conclave to assemble in his dominions, did so chiefly from interested motives, that it might not be held elsewhere; and how far he intended or not to restore the papal territory remained as yet problematic. Naples, like Austria, was only watching events; and Rome itself was in her hands. In France the Directory had fallen into disrepute both at home and abroad; opinion already pointed to the young general who, flushed with repeated victories, was soon about to assume the title of First Consul. Yet the Sacred College, faithful to legitimacy so long as no regular government could be said to exist, required the Comte de Provence to be addressed as Louis XVIII., though that prince was then an exile wandering amid foreign courts.

To Russia a courteous notification of proceedings was to be des-

patched, in gratitude for services rendered the Church; but she had not therefore ceased to be a schismatic power. Notwithstanding such difficult circumstances, Consalvi drew up letters that seemed to conciliate all things, and attested his own diplomatic skill. Pius VII. was elected, partly at his suggestion, for he and several Cardinals had become anxious at the critical state of affairs. Divisions were creeping into the Sacred College, and their deliberations were exposed to pressure from without through the length of time already occupied by the sitting. Three months had passed in uncertainties, while the political aspect of Church affairs called earnestly for immediate decision.

Soon after his election, Pius VII. was urged by Cardinal Herzan to choose an Austrian for his Secretary of State; but he remembered Mgr. Consalvi, and sent for him. The modest prelate, who had already withdrawn to his own residence, pleaded extreme dislike to offices entailing responsibility; but an order from the Pope compelled submission, and he accepted the title of pro-secretary to his Holiness. Shortly afterwards Pius VII. insisted on naming him Cardinal and Secretary of State.

The first difficulties requiring settlement lay with Austria. This power had refused to let the new Pope be crowned in the basilic of St. Mark, thus attesting her unwillingness to allow any pomp to a ceremony which implied his temporal sovereignty. She had not yet resolved how far to recognise that, but wished to obtain meanwhile full ratification of the treaty of Tolentino. With this view Cardinal Herzan was instructed to press earnestly on Pius VII. the expediency of his paying a visit to Francis II. at Vienna; but the Pope declined on plea of the necessity he felt for going to Rome directly, and his ardent wish to be there.

The Marquis Ghislieri then suddenly arrived at Venice, though without any ostensible mission. He began by sounding Consalvi, telling him that Austria was willing to restore that part of the papal provinces lately occupied, but not the three legations of Ferrara, Bologna, and Ravenna; finally, that she wished for a new cession confirming Tolentino.

Consalvi readily consented to acquaint the Pope with these views; but intimated his opinion that Pius VII. would reject them.

Ghislieri brought forward the danger of opposing Austria, but soon found that the pro-secretary was not a man easily daunted. After a few more fruitless efforts, he offered Romagna with the exception of a small portion of territory, and provided the Pope would renounce all claim to Bologna and Ferrara. Pius VII. not only refused to do this, but asked officially the restitution of the three

legations held by Austria, writing at the same time autograph letters on the matter to Francis II. and to M. de Thugut. Neither the emperor nor his minister condescended to take the least notice. Meanwhile Naples, though declaring that she only held Rome in trust for the Pope, did not however prepare to evacuate it. She feared Austria might seize upon the territory occupied by her, and consequently made a merit of intending to cede it to the Church; for, as part touched the confines of her capital, she preferred the Roman sovereign as the least dangerous neighbour. Consalvi declares that in reality she meant to keep what she could.

Notwithstanding such uncertain prospects, Pius VII. determined on setting out for Rome. Mgr. Consalvi accompanied him. Austria was displeased of course at his quitting her dominions, but could not well prevent it. Lest the inhabitants of the legations should treat him as their sovereign, she would not allow a passage through that territory, but obliged him to go by sea from Venice to Pesaro, a town which still belonged to the Church. The only vessel forthcoming was in such a wretched condition, that the voyage lasted twelve days instead of one. But these indignities redounded providentially to the advantage of the Papacy. While Pius VII. was tossing about at sea, Bonaparte had carried all before him in Italy; and when Ghislieri, having travelled commodiously by land, rejoined the Pope and his little suite at Ancona, he had to announce the bitter news of Austrian pride laid low at Marengo. Rapid success now crowned the French arms; not only the three legations, but Lombardy and Venetia were successively wrested from Austria, and twice she was glad to buy back her capital on humiliating terms. Taught by the first great reverses, Austria consented to restore that portion of the papal states which extends from Pesaro to the environs of Rome, and Ghislieri made this restitution when Pius VII. arrived at Foligno.

Similar news meanwhile had reached Rome, and the Neapolitan general there gave up authority into the hands of a few Cardinals, who arrived several days before the Pope. But his troops did not evacuate the country till some months later, at the peace of Florence, nor were the duchies of Benevento and Ponte Corvo restored even then; they were held till Bonaparte, who had his own views, forced Naples to restitution.

Thus Pius VII., who had quitted Venice with faith in God as his sole possession, entered Rome a temporal sovereign.

It was a thorny path that now opened before the new minister of state. Looking at his foreign policy, one feature will be observed to characterise it throughout. Consalvi never yielded a point of conscience for any reason whatsoever. And while resolutely deter-

mined on not ceding one iota wrongly, he bent all the energies and resources of his acute active mind to obtaining as much more of the Church's legitimate claims as he possibly could. It would be difficult to say which of these two leading principles, combined by him into one action, were most successful. Not only God blesses honest dealing united with moral courage, but men esteem such qualities; and diplomatists especially, astonished at having to cope with truth, are often greatly deceived by it.

Consalvi found scope for diplomatic skill in the numberless restitutions, ecclesiastical and temporal, to be obtained for Church and State. It was a whole edifice that required to be built up again; but unfortunately not with entirely new materials. There was the usual drawback to all restorations; some old evils would pertinaciously adhere. On looking into matters and considering circumstances, we shall be surprised at what Consalvi achieved. The personal sympathy he inspired proved no doubt a wondrous adjunct to his talent.

With Austria it still remained to treat of her internal ecclesiastical affairs, nor was the settlement of them an easy matter. It was highly desirable to get the Josephan laws, if not revoked, at least modified; but instead of coming into any such measures, the heads of the different state departments seemed much more disposed to extend their inroads on the spiritual power. Consalvi applied himself particularly to gain two points: an extension of jurisdiction for the Nuncio at Vienna, and the arrangement of a Concordat. The Josephan laws had pretty nearly reduced the Pope's delegate to be nothing more than a mere ambassador from the temporal prince of Rome; still some few attributions had been left him, and amongst these was the right of approving or not the Bishops named. This prerogative had been exercised by the Nuncio even under Joseph and Leopold, but Francis now wished to hand it over to the body of Bishops themselves, or rather to the crown. Consalvi, however, displayed so much firmness that Austria yielded at last. He also terminated satisfactorily for the Holy See the question of circumscription of new dioceses.

The arrangement of a Concordat was a work of still greater difficulty, because circumstances were so complicated. Francis II., as head of the German empire, wished to negotiate one that should be applicable to the whole confederation. Each state, on the contrary, desired a separate treaty, and France supported this view, provided the negotiations took place at Paris. The states, however, were unwilling to put themselves in Napoleon's power, and wished to treat either at Rome or in their own capitals. It was impossible for the

Holy See to avoid giving offence to one of the three parties; but Consalvi, though seeing clearly the diplomatic advantage of treating separately, deemed that reason was on the side of the Emperor Francis, and accordingly advised the Pope to that effect. Austria was so ill-inspired as to bring forward a project quite contrary to the laws and rights of the Church, and Consalvi of course refused to admit it. While the two powers were still endeavouring to come to some understanding, several German states were annexed by Bonaparte. Francis in consequence laid down the title of Emperor of Germany, which was forthwith appropriated by Napoleon. The Holy See then resolved on treating separately with the different German states; for her experience of how Napoleon annulled Concordats by organic articles did not incline her to accept his supervision when possible of avoidance. Nothing definite took place further with Vienna, but conferences were begun at Rome with envoys from several smaller German powers, especially with the Bavarian minister.

Meanwhile Napoleon's displeasure was incurred by more than one act. Besides the ecclesiastical treaties in course of negotiation, and which the French Government disapproved of as not under its control, Pius VII., on grounds of equity, refused to acknowledge the Confederation of the Rhine, or the Elector of Bavaria, as its new prince-primate; nor would he ever grant Napoleon the titles of Emperor of Germany, of the Romans, or of the West. All these refusals, chiefly ascribed to Consalvi, were so many affronts treasured up for a day of retribution.

Though Bavaria readily consented to treat with Rome, it was very difficult to arrive at any satisfactory arrangement for the Church, while such a prince as the Elector Maximilian — Joseph IV. — governed the country. New scandals to religion were perpetually taking place there, and the constant reply to all papal remonstrances was, that his Holiness must be misinformed. Years passed thus; and Consalvi had left the ministry ere the negotiations commenced by him seemed approaching a conclusion. Treaties were then on the point of signature with both Bavaria and Würtemberg; but at this inauspicious moment an imperious order from France obliged the Roman delegate to interrupt all and hasten to Paris. Nor could negotiations be resumed till after the fall of Napoleon, and Consalvi's return to office.

The same up-hill work went on with Naples, who acted quite as selfishly as Austria. We have seen that Romagna was not evacuated, nor the duchies given up, till Bonaparte insisted on having the treaty of Florence fully executed. These points being gained, Cardinal Consalvi turned his attention to the settlement of

ecclesiastical affairs. There were three important matters for discussion: the number of bishoprics to be maintained, a concordat for the general arrangement of religious affairs, and a mode for regulating the payment of tribute as due by the terms of investiture granted to the kings of Naples. Ferdinand wished to reduce the Bishops to less than half the original number, and never would consent to the more moderate measure proposed by Consalvi. Equal difficulties arose with regard to other points of discipline; long and fruitless negotiations were all that took place. They may be resumed by saying that Naples annulled all privileges of the Church, and then called upon her to sanction these usurpations, which was of course refused.

Ferdinand contended at first that the tribute was a mere temporal matter, unworthy of Rome's consideration; but later on offered to give the sum in guise of a voluntary alms. This mode of settlement would have been to accept as a gift what was claimed as a right, and the Pope refused compliance. The duplicity of General Acton manifests itself throughout these negotiations; and Cardinal Consalvi, despite his charity, cannot refrain from commenting seriously on what he terms the cunning wicked policy pursued by the Neapolitan minister. It required all the Cardinal's diplomatic skill, to avoid being entrapped by his antagonist into some concession prejudicial to the Church; and he had also to cope with Neapolitan envoys at Rome worthy of the government that accredited them. Thus no concordat could be signed with Naples any more than with Austria till after the fall of Napoleon.

Cardinal Consalvi succeeded better with Spain. At first most exorbitant pretensions were put forward by this power. She aimed at nothing less than reducing the papal delegate to the rank of temporal ambassador, placing all religious orders under the authority of the ordinary, granting Bishops' faculties for matrimonial dispensations, and seizing for the government the right of collation to all benefices, as well as the power of taxing, and even of confiscating, ecclesiastical property. Each and all of these concessions were refused by Consalvi. He only yielded the two points of allowing religious orders to be governed by local superiors of their own body, and of permitting extraordinary subsidies to be raised then on ecclesiastical property, by reason of the war going on with England, and to get rid of the immense quantity of paper money in circulation at that time. Spain, nevertheless, was so pleased with the concordat that the king wished to bestow an annual benefice of 4000 crowns on Consalvi; but he, with his usual disinterestedness, begged to decline.

One of the first, and not least important, acts of Cardinal Consalvi's ministry was to assist in the reëstablishment of the Jesuits in

Russia, where Pope Clement's brief of suppression had never been published. This step was taken at the solicitation of the Emperor Paul I., and with the consent of Spain, whom Consalvi deemed it prudent to consult; but Madrid no longer expressed animosity against the disciples of Loyola. Consalvi's sentiments on the occasion are thus expressed in his Memoirs: "It was indeed a praiseworthy action on the part of his Holiness to resuscitate an institute that merited so well of Christendom, whose fall hastened the overthrow of the Church, together with that of thrones, of order, morality, and even of society itself. We may use these expressions without fear of being taxed with untruth or exaggeration by honest reasonable men, free from false philosophy and party-spirit." Cardinal Consalvi always favoured the Society of Jesus. Its members were reëstablished in Holland about the same time as in Russia; and somewhat later on, a similar measure was extended to England.

When Pius VII. and his minister returned to Rome in 1814, one of their earliest cares was formally to reconstitute the Company. The Pope went in state for that purpose to the Jesuits' Church, and read solemnly the bull of their reëstablishment, while Rome resounded with acclamations. It was hoped by this measure to provide some remedy for the frightful state of irreligion and anarchy that had so long prevailed in Europe. Christian education for youth is undoubtedly the best means for regenerating society; and the Jesuits had given good proof of their efficiency on this head, as well as for spiritual guidance in the confessional. Consalvi further protected them against all opposition when, in 1820, they were about to hold at Rome the first general congregation after their reëstablishment. Following the high example set, and reawakened for a while to religious sentiments, Modena, Spain, and Austria successively recalled the Jesuits.

Cardinal Consalvi tried to profit by the favour shown this body in Russia, to obtain the permanent residence of a Nuncio at St. Petersburg for the better protection of Catholic interests; but through the opposition of the Archbishop of Mohileff, Alexander only consented to receive a papal envoy extraordinary. Nevertheless, religion was progressing in that country, till the lamentable episode of Vernègues, a French adventurer, precipitately naturalised at Rome into a Russian, and used as a political tool by the enemies of the Holy See, had well nigh produced serious consequences. The Emperor Alexander also, at first favourable to Catholicism, suddenly changed his views. Yet, upon the whole, Consalvi had not much reason to complain of Russia at the Congress of Vienna.

The affairs of most overwhelming importance throughout his ministry regarded France. In recurring to them, and writing, we

must remember, while in detention at Rheims, Consalvi takes care to repeat that he can only give a slight idea of matters, having no documents within reach to which to refer. "My memory may fail," he adds; "and I am in constant fear of being surprised."

From the first hour of Pius VII.'s arrival in Rome, great apprehensions were entertained lest a republic should be again proclaimed. They were uncertain of French views. When Murat was traversing Perugia, Mgr. Caleppi, with mistaken zeal, made a treaty with him, by one article of which he bound the Holy Father not to admit into his ports the subjects of any nation hostile to France. The Pope of course refused to ratify; and Murat, instead of making use of the circumstance to gain favour with Bonaparte, generously gave up the contest, saying to Consalvi, whom he much liked, "Well, since this treaty annoys the Holy Father and yourself, let us throw it into the fire and speak no more about it."

We will not enter into the great affair of the Concordat, which has already been discussed in this periodical. That negotiation, together with the part he played at the Congress of Vienna, form Consalvi's highest titles to diplomatic fame. It is true that the organic articles so treacherously added by Napoleon virtually annulled the Concordat; but as the Church ignored these articles, and as Pius VII. immediately protested, in the most solemn way, against them, the evil was of less magnitude. To Consalvi still belongs the glory of having obtained for the Church in France the most favourable terms that could be hoped for under the circumstances. It may be safely averred that no other papal negotiator could have succeeded so well with Napoleon.

The experience he had gained led Consalvi to take further precautions with the Italian concordat. The clauses were more advantageous to the Church; and one of them expressly stipulated that nothing new should be introduced concerning ecclesiastical affairs, without previous consent obtained of the Holy See. But Consalvi had yet to learn that no contract sufficed to bind Napoleon. The decrees of Melzi appeared simultaneously with the Concordat; and when Rome protested, ministerial ordinances in France, and the decrees of the emperor himself, while appearing to revoke, in reality maintained all that was objectionable.

Another difficulty with the French Government soon arose. Jerome Bonaparte wished to annul his marriage; but Rome upheld its validity, despite the specious argument used, that she now, from blind hostility to France, maintained union with a Protestant wife; as if difference of creed on one side could undo sacramental effects for the other party.

Cardinal Fesch had succeeded M. de Cacault as ambassador to

the Pope, when overtures were first made inviting his Holiness to visit Paris for the coronation of Napoleon. Consalvi's Memoirs go into this important and delicate negotiation with much detail. He speaks as usual of the evils to be feared from irritating Bonaparte by refusal; but he was no less alive to the possible effects of consent on the public mind. Such condescension would seem to court Napoleon beyond measure; the Bourbon party protested bitterly against it. What would be the impression produced in the several European courts, or on the world in general; what would be the verdict of posterity? were questions that naturally arose, offering matter for grave consideration. And as if to render difficulties more insoluble, the murder of the Duc d'Enghien took place while the negotiation was pending, and filled Europe with horror. Consalvi's words at this juncture deserve to be meditated by all statesmen:

"In order to choose the right course, and not be deceived amid so many intricacies, the only thing clear was to act with great purity of intention. It was very important not to be guided by human interests and motives, to have no other view than such as became the Pope's character, and the apostolate it behoves him to exercise. Religion alone was to be considered."

In a note appended to his Memoirs, Consalvi says: "The assassination of the Duc d'Enghien convinced the Holy Father that even in Bonaparte's interest he ought not to remain quiescent. When Cardinal Fesch came to inform him of that sad catastrophe, Pius VII. shed many tears, owning frankly that they fell in sorrow over the emperor's crime, no less than over the fate of that noble victim. For deeply as the Holy Father deplored this young prince's tragic end, more bitterly still did he lament Napoleon's guilt. It was long one of the secret causes that held him back from visiting Paris.

Cardinal Consalvi relates what the weighty reasons were that caused him at length to yield, adding that, though both the Pope and himself were deceived in their pious expectations, they should feel obliged to act in the same way, could the situation present itself again under similar circumstances. Doubtless much was hoped for the good of religion from Napoleon's gratitude; but, in any case, it was deemed wiser not to seem wilfully to frustrate expectations naturally raised high with the French clergy, nor yet to provoke one whose new and powerful empire all Europe, except England, had recognised. Moreover, Napoleon had formally promised to revise the organic articles with the Pope, and to compel the constitutional Bishops either to retract their errors or retire from their sees. Consalvi speaks feelingly of Napoleon's duplicity on this occasion, and of the harsh insolence with which he treated the Pope during his stay

in Paris. But Pius VII., notwithstanding the indignities heaped upon him, did not regret the course pursued; for many souls in France profited by his visit to that country; the Bishops made submission; and on his return home through Florence, he had the great satisfaction of receiving Mgr. Ricci's avowal of error.

Napoleon seems to have exercised a sort of fascination over the Pope, which no injuries, public or private, could ever wholly do away with. It is apparent at all times, from their earliest intercourse down to the last scenes at Fontainebleau. The gentle nature of Pius VII. would naturally reverence the sterner mould of Napoleon, while his piety led him to desire ardently the thorough conversion of such a soul. Napoleon an instrument of good, what might he not have achieved for the destinies of the world! Pius VII., says Consalvi, only considered politics from a religious point of view, and was solely occupied with the spiritual good of nations. The Cardinal thus expresses his own opinion: "More mixed up than he with men and things, forced by the nature of my office often to see the bad side of human nature, I did not exactly share the Pope's sentiments towards the emperor. I had observed this prince closely. I admired his genius, his rapidity of thought, and that marvellous fertility of intellect in which he really stood alone. But I could not hide from myself that so many brilliant qualities were unhappily obscured by great and numberless defects likely to be immensely fostered by the intoxication of success."

Consalvi's spontaneous retirement from office in 1806 is highly honourable to him. Cardinal Fesch had conceived a violent animosity against the Roman Secretary of State, and appears to have transmitted reports to Paris, whereby the whole odium of the resistance opposed by the Holy See to French views fell upon Consalvi. Napoleon wrote: "Tell Cardinal Consalvi that if he loves religion and country, he has only two courses to choose between; either to do my will always, or to leave the ministry." Consalvi's answer could not be doubtful. It purported, that always, and in every situation, he had endeavoured to fulfil his duty, by obeying his own sovereign rather than foreign potentates.

This message, coupled with the policy then pursued by Napoleon, led him to press the Pope more strenuously than ever for leave to retire. He hoped by so doing to appease perhaps Napoleon's anger, and avert the calamities threatening the Holy See. But Pius VII. still refused to part with his minister. Meanwhile Napoleon recalled Cardinal Fesch from his post of ambassador at Rome, saying he would no longer leave him exposed to Consalvi's insults. The Secretary of State, with his usual courtesy, went to pay his adversary a visit of adieu.

Fesch, who had been personally rude to the Pope at his last audience, refused to receive Consalvi. The latter, however, writes of him in terms where charity tempers truth: "It is my duty to declare that if Fesch is unfortunately of a suspicious nature, and easily deceived by bad persons; if he is, unfortunately, a great Gallican in his prejudices against pontifical authority; if he does embroil every question and sow discord without meaning it,—nevertheless I do believe that his intentions at bottom are not bad, and that he possesses zeal for religion, joined to great regularity of conduct."

Cardinal Fesch's subsequent behaviour, when circumstances had undeceived him with regard to Consalvi, prove the truth of these words; he appears to have been sincere, though weak and credulous. His withdrawal from Rome would seem to have been the prelude for harsher measures in the imperial councils. The victory of Austerlitz had been followed by the treaty of Presburg; on the 7th of January 1806, Napoleon wrote that famous letter from Munich, wherein he clearly unveils his design of reducing the Pope to vassalage, and proclaims himself Emperor of Rome. Consalvi saw that the time for concessions had gone by. Pius VII., in accord with the Sacred College, refused compliance with any of Napoleon's demands, declining also to recognise the new kings of Naples, Sicily, Westphalia, and Spain. This bold assertion of right against might was immediately followed by the occupation of Benevento and Ponte Corvo, into which French troops were marched. Consalvi lost no time in despatching an energetic protest to Paris and to all the European courts; indeed, such celerity was used, that the papal mission arrived in the two duchies jointly with the foreign invaders. These protestations were the last acts of Consalvi's political life at this period; he then retired from the ministry, having prevailed on Pius VII. to make at length this peace-offering to Napoleon—the only one that conscience allowed. Thus was there a faint hope left of softening Rome's decisive refusal to consecrate what Consalvi calls the problematic sovereignty of France. But the sacrifice proved all in vain. Later on Napoleon saw his error, and regretted having forced the Cardinal from office. Now he was wholly under the influence of Fesch's mistaken views.

Consalvi remarks on this break in his career: "Power had no attraction for me; but it cost me immensely to deprive the Sovereign Pontiff of my services when such a frightful storm was impending." Strifling the grief of separation, his parting words to Pius VII. were those of the prophet Jonas: *Tollite me et mittite in mare . . . quoniam propter me tempestas hæc grandis venit super vos.*

The subsequent events of his life must form material for another article.

V.V.

Legend of Aughrim.



WHERE boomed the cannon, flashed the glaive,
 Along that ridge of green,—
 Where fought and fell the strong and brave,
 Who found in death their blood-stained grave,—
 A limpid fount is seen.

But if, 'midst Nubia's parching sands,
 Beneath the camels' feet,
 It flowed as bright on those far lands,
 The fainting hoardes of Arab bands
 Might sink through noontide heat,

Ere beast or man would bend beside
 That clear and rippling wave,
 To taste the bitter draught, its tide
 Pours down those green slopes spreading wide
 By many a hero's grave. H.

A visit to the battle-field of Aughrim is peculiarly interesting, not alone from the historic reminiscences connected with the spot, but from the wide, extended, and varied prospect presented from the commanding position of Kilcommedan heights. Tradition maintains that the high-crested fences and copse-crowned embankments, separating the rich pastures on the eastern slope of the Irish line, remain with little alteration from the period of the 12th of July (old style) 1691, to the present time. The events of that memorable day are on record, and the plan of battle is best illustrated on the ground, by the information and traditions of local residents. A large hawthorn-tree, "with seats beneath the shade," is pointed out on the side of Kilcommedan, where St. Ruth is said to have fallen, and to have been interred, according to some accounts. The ruins of an old castle that formerly commanded a causeway, by which the right flank of the English army assailed the Irish left, are yet traceable in the village of Aughrim.

The position selected by the defeated army was creditable to the

judgment of its brave but unfortunate general. However, at the present day, the morasses in front would present few obstacles to the advance of a numerous and disciplined attacking force, led against the ridge of hills running nearly north-west by south-east, and skirting the village of Aughrim on towards the pass of Urraghree. The intricate and intersecting hedge-rows, with deep ditches, extending along the declivities of the hills, and in front of the Irish battle-lines, formed their most effective defence for the less-numerous host, badly paid, equipped, and armed, dispirited by previous reverses, weakened by desertions, and filled with distrustful and discordant views, owing to the estrangement and dissension prevailing amongst their leaders. The accident of St. Ruth's death mainly determined the loss of that memorable battle. The first of Erin's bards most probably had the results and scenes of Aughrim present to his imagination when penning the beautiful national lyric, commencing with these lines :

“ Forget not the field where they perish'd,
The truest, the last of the brave;
All gone—and the bright hope we cherish'd
Gone with them, and quench'd in their grave !”

On the hill-side, near Kilcommedan, flows a streamlet, from which cattle are never known to drink. It is said to have flowed with human gore on the day of the battle of Aughrim; and it is presumed the unnatural tinge then assumed by its waters imparted a bitter taste, which no degree of thirst would render palatable.

Of Dreamers and Workers.

NEARLY all men are born either dreamers or workers; not perhaps only the one or only the other, but one of these two points is the centre of their oscillation. Like a pendulum, they can move only so far toward their opposite, some more, some less; but, like the pendulum, they invariably return to their centre. Do we not all know some man with abstracted eye, high retreating forehead, rather refined and often slightly attenuated frame and features, and placidly resolute in demeanour, who has held the same position in the opinion of his fellow men, or, it may be, has occupied the same bench on the Sunday quietly for twenty years or more? He is a specimen of the extreme type of dreamers—venerative, mystical, and benevolent; but to all appearance practically useless, helpless, and inert. Viewed physiologically these men are chiefly fair-haired and of the nervous lymphatic temperament; sometimes this is combined with the bilious temperament, and in such cases (to some of which we shall have more particularly to allude) they become remarkable characters. It has been said that the religion natural to dreamers is a mild form of Buddhism; but this is probably because most Buddhists are dreamers and mystics in the highest degree. One thing is certain, dreamers are in politics either conservative or utopian, and in religion are little disposed either to reject what they have been taught or to influence others to do so. If they have been educated as Catholics, mild and devout Catholics they live and die; if as Protestants, they are unusually gentle and tolerant, and oppose alike reforms that would be innovations, and innovations that would be reforms. A man who lives by faith, thus resting on the invisible, has at times an apparent resemblance to a dreamer. It is not our object in this paper to point out the distinction, wide as it indeed is. Dreamers are the subject of wonderful anecdotes about their absence of mind: it is related of them that they forget their meals, start on a journey without their hats, walk with their eyes wide open over precipices, ride on their walking-sticks, and are surprised when toll is not demanded of them for their charger. There is no occasion to believe all these preposterous tales, but no doubt there are many very curious and perfectly well-authenticated cases of abstraction of mind so entire as to cause catastrophes both painful and ludicrous. To these men their real life is their dream, their working-day is only their interruption and annoyance. They are in heart mystics, and only need a certain

activity of brain and speech to proclaim themselves as such. They possess great store of happiness within themselves, owing to their peculiarity of caring less than others for those substantial and golden rewards which cause the unrest of the world. They love the unseen and mysterious better than the visible and sensuous, and would in general barter any amount of distinct and limited reality for indefinite prospects; so that the single streak of wan and dying light, which sleeps on the edge of the dark horizon, is more precious to them, as suggesting Infinity, than any view which could be offered of noble cities or fertile plains. Almost all things are to them symbolical. No action is in their thought simply what it seems to be; but there is about every deed performed, circumstance encountered, or season passed, a secret sense of omen or prescience, of brightness or of shadow. Light becomes a sentiment calling up images of corresponding radiance and beauty, but especially perhaps that early morning light which seems, while yet sleeping, to float in on the world, as opposed to the fading colours of departing day. Darkness, again, sometimes lends a sense of peril; but more often is peopled by spirits—a realm of shadows and shadowy delights, all called into being, moved, governed, and coloured by the dreamer in his dream. The many gradations between brightness and gloom have each their especial fascination for dreamers, who are in this respect as discriminative and fanciful as the Jews, who, in olden times, distinguished two kinds of twilight: the doves' twilight, or crepusculum of the day, and ravens' twilight, or the crepusculum of the night. In truth, their tendency is to behold all actual things as illusions, and to consider the spiritual and unseen world as the only true one: thus, in the cloudy mantle of constant reverie they hide all the ills and infirmities of humanity, and slumber in the "golden sleep of halcyon quiet apart from the everlasting storms of life." For when a man can sit calmly on an uncomfortable pole, like the Indian mystic, and say "I am the Universe, and the Universe is me," he has attained to the greatest conceivable height and perfection of dream-life. From the age of Plato to our own times dreamers have been born perpetually among the sons of men. St. John is claimed by them as being the most profound and loving mystic ever given to the world. There have been countless others; we need not add a list of names; those of Swedenborg, Boehmen, and Irving, will occur to the memory as representing one class of dreamers. These leaders are, as one might predict, regarded with the extreme veneration characteristic of the order. Indeed, of some it may be chronicled, as it was of the ancient deities, Buddha, &c., "Once a man, now a God!" In general, dreamers have tenanted our madhouses rather than filled our prisons; if, however, they do commit crimes, they are serious

ones. Religious and political assassinations have been commonly the fruits of mad dreamers. In the ranks have been numbered many holy men, and as a rule they have influenced mankind rather by the example of their life and the teaching of their pen than by busy practical action. Only certain professions and occupations are suitable for dreamers. In the olden times they were poets, shepherds, prophets, soothsayers, diviners, alchemists, rhabdomantists.* In these days they are by rights clergymen, authors, poets, philanthropists, and philosophers. If they enter trade, they commonly end in the *Gazette*; and placed in positions of authority, where severity of discipline has to be exercised, they are uniformly unsuccessful; in situations of trust, they are invariably single-hearted and faithful, but in every place and at all times they are the most frequent victims of fraudulent representations and impudent imposture. A certain number of the priesthood among all nations, gentle, speculative, and saintly men, have been of this order; weaving their work and their dreams together into a fair fabric of many colours, which, if it seems to ordinary eyes shadowy and unsubstantial as the mist, is yet, like the air, elastic, solid, and capable of resisting a very heavy pressure. Idealists are, however, rarely formidable in action unless the bilious is largely transfused in their temperament. They then become missionaries and martyrs; patriots, revolutionists, fanatics; they head revolutions, plan massacres, overthrow monarchies, and shatter creeds. Peter the Hermit, John of Leyden, are examples of this order.

The Workers born into the world are widely different in temperament and disposition, and antagonistic in principles, sentiment, and action. They consist both of those who work with their hands alone, and of those who work up into a practical form the reveries and speculative schemes of the dreamers. Physiologically viewed, the extreme type of the worker exhibits most frequently the bullet-shaped head, square jaw, muscular thick neck, large chest development, and elemental hand, commonly also the sanguine, sanguine-nervous, or sanguine-bilious temperament. They have an irresistible propensity to do, to acquire, to conquer or invade; they are fertile in resource, opulent in stratagem, full of quarrel, and essentially aggressive. A contest is to them an occasion of inexplicable delight; and, naturally dedicated to action, they are as unable to conceive of disappointment as the other class are to resist that which is or seems to be their destiny. They become engineers, manufacturers, merchants, inventors, mighty hunters, soldiers, sailors, pioneers, emigrants, rough-riders, pugilists, smugglers, aeronauts, acrobats, and

* *πάσσοι, α ροδ*; men who undertook, and in certain unenlightened regions do still undertake, to discover wells of water, veins of minerals, or hidden treasures of money and jewels, by means of divining rods.

celebrated performers in travelling circuses and menageries, lion-tamers, snake-charmers, rat-catchers, burglars, thieves, and highwaymen. They are gamekeepers, and devote their lives to circumvent and strive in mortal strife with poachers; or they are poachers, and spend their days and nights in plotting against and harassing and threatening the gamekeepers. As clergymen they are most hard-working, zealous and excellent, but also the most quarrelsome and intolerant. When they come on to the earth as younger members of the aristocracy, who may neither dig, trade, nor fight in the ring, and have not the wherewithal to keep racehorses and hunters, they enter the army or navy, and there in times of peace, when no legitimate outlet presents itself for the expenditure of these energies, they form a very insubordinate and turbulent item of the population. The lower classes of the workers, who cannot get work, then crusade against the upper classes, who are in the same predicament; and we see the result in the perpetual placarding in some journals and newspapers of "Deplorable blackguardism in high life." Three parts out of five, or even a larger proportion, of the Anglo-Saxon population are composed of workers as opposed to dreamers; and the seething unquiet mass of humanity known and described by some writers as our "dangerous classes" is almost entirely recruited from their ranks. Many centuries ago they were vikings, pirates, and border robbers; they scoured the seas, made raids, reeved the cattle, and levied black-mail; anon they were crusaders, for though Peter the Hermit was a dreamer, his followers were workers; subsequently they destroyed monasteries; and in these days they have made railroads and abolished the corn-laws. But, nevertheless, the men who first built churches, and dwelt in monasteries, and discovered the mysterious agency by which the engine was to do its work, were not workers, but dreamers, and were reviled in their day as visionaries and enthusiasts. Where a dreamer would have been an alchemist, a modern worker finds his mission to be a gold-digger; where one is a shepherd, the other will be a hunter or trapper:—the first works that he may retire to dream, the second dreams how he shall arise and work.

The dreamers among men select as mates the workers among women, or are (perhaps more often) selected by them, and *vice versa*. It is the old eternal law of nature—the duality pervading all things, types, and classes, man and woman, positive and negative, matter and spirit, reason and faith; and, in spite of the gentle scorn which dreamers cherish for workers, and the undisguised contempt with which workers regard dreamers, so they will continue to exist side by side until the day comes when the worker can work no more, and the dreamer shall have dreamed for the last time.

R.

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